HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. VI.—No. 289.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1862. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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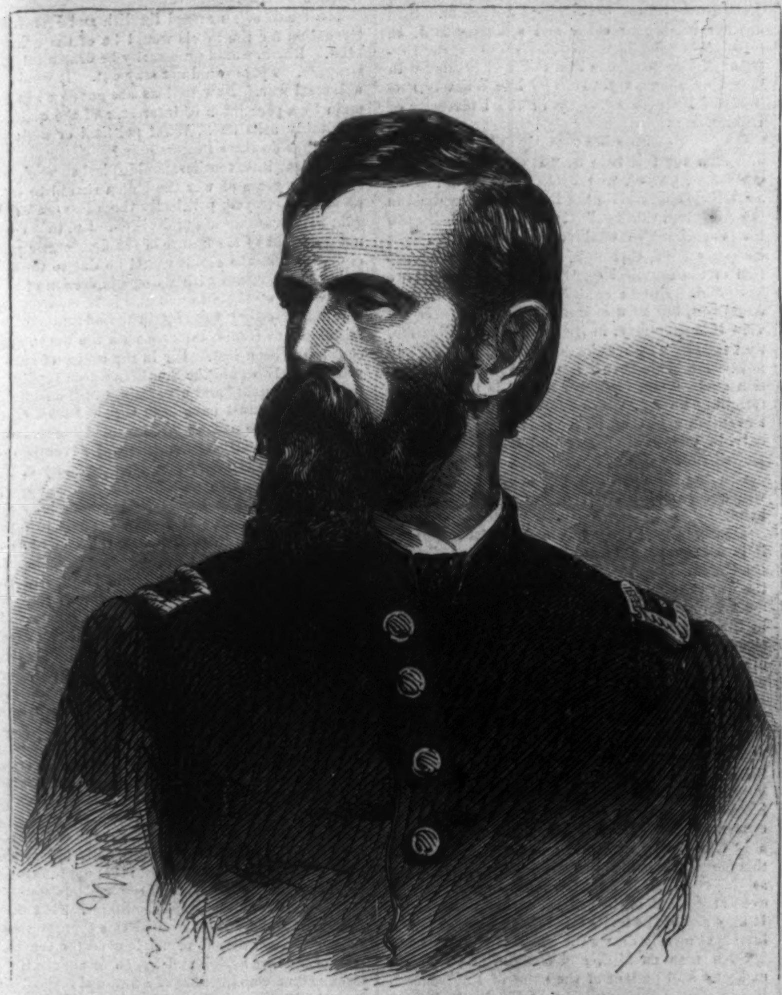
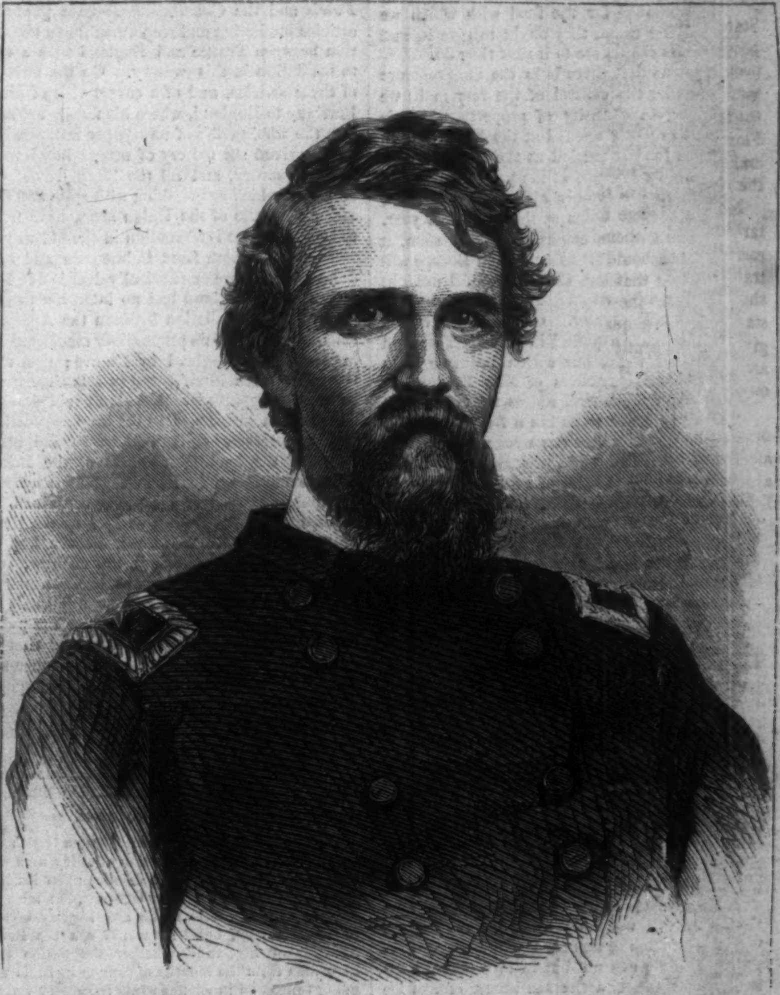


MAJOR-GENERAL LEWIS WALLACE, IN COMMAND AT MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.—[See Page 439.]



BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE F. SHEPLEY, COMMANDANT OF NEW ORLEANS.—[See Page 438.]

BATTLE AT ST. CHARLES, WHITE RIVER, ARKANSAS.—EXPLOSION OF THE "MOUND CITY."—Sketched by Mr. Alexander Simplot.—[See Page 439.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1862.

A HINT TO GENERAL BUTLER.

GENERAL BUTLER is feeding the people of New Orleans at the cost of the United States. General Halleck has begged the good people of the West to send food to the starving people of the Lower Mississippi Valley, and they have, with their accustomed liberality, dispatched shiploads of food down the river. In Florida our blockading squadron has, in several instances, been compelled to supply food to the famished rebels.

Now all this is perfectly right and proper, as far as it goes. Our generals and our people can not look on calmly and see even the worst traitors starve to death. But the arrangement should be reciprocal as far as possible. If the starving people of the South have any thing to give in exchange for the food with which we are supplying them, they ought to give it, and our generals should see to it that they do.

It happens that there is in the South—more or less under the control of the very mobs we are feeding—a quantity of property which is almost as urgently needed at the North and in Europe as food is needed at the South. This is cotton. In Europe, at the present time, the aggregate supply is only about 428,000 bales, against 1,644,900 bales at this time last year. Unless more cotton comes to market soon, it is inevitable that *all* the factories in Europe will have to stop working, and a frightful amount of suffering will ensue. In this country the scarcity is still greater. On the 27th cotton sold at 40 cents a pound in this market; and here, as in Europe, our cotton industry must cease, and the operatives of New England be thrown upon the world, unless we contrive in some way or other to obtain a fresh supply of the staple within a very few weeks.

Now there is no doubt whatever of there being over 2,000,000 bales of cotton, at least, on the Southern plantations. From all that we can learn the amount destroyed by the rebel forces is very small. It is possible that the cotton still in the South may amount to 3,000,000 bales, or even more. But, at any rate, there must be 2,000,000 bales on the plantations, ginned and unginned, bagged and unbagged, in the gin-houses or elsewhere. Now of this large amount a certain proportion could undoubtedly be got to market if the people at the South whom we are feeding were made to understand that their bread depended upon it. There must be a large number of planters in the Valley of the Mississippi who would be willing to sell, especially as, at present prices, they would get over $150 a bale. Let the starving people of the South be told that, after a certain date, they will only be able to buy food with cotton, and we are inclined to think that they will unearth a good many bales.

If these people are so bigoted in their treason that they will not help us to get cotton, the question of feeding them will assume a new aspect. But we can not but believe that the instincts of want, and the sentiment of avarice will, if properly directed, lead to a considerable increase in the supply of cotton before very long.

REAPPEARANCE OF JOHN BULL AS PECKSNIFF.

JOHN BULL has made another *rentrée* in his favorite old part of Pecksniff. He is shocked at General Butler's order declaring that any woman who shall behave in a loose, idle, and disorderly manner shall be deemed a loose, idle, and disorderly female. The *Times* and *Morning Post* shudder at such brutality. Lord Palmerston protests against it on behalf of the frail sisterhood. The British Parliament steps into the ring as the champion of loose, idle, and disorderly females throughout the world.

It is futile to offer serious arguments on such a theme and to such disputants. The British do not want to be set right. What they want is a tolerable pretext for snarling at us, as they snarl at the French, the Germans, the Italians, the Spaniards, the Russians, and the human race generally. We might observe that not a single lady in New Orleans has been arrested under General Butler's order; and that, on the contrary, the effect of that order having been to compel loose, idle, and disorderly women to behave themselves decently in public, the streets have since become so quiet and orderly that the true ladies of the city have been enabled to resume their usual promenades without fear of their delicacy being shocked by unseemly behavior on the part of less worthy members of their sex. But, as we said, this explanation will not soothe the British temper. John Bull wants a peg to hang a snarl upon—nothing more.

Lovely, amiable, exemplary "guardian of civilization!" How touching his sympathy for the fancied wrongs of ladies against whose mothers, fifty years ago, his armies advanced under the banner of "booty and beauty!" How refreshing his concern for female purity, after the appalling atrocities of the British campaign in India, in 1858, when, in the language of an officer who served under Lord Clyde, "whole villages were depopulated, the men slaughtered in cold blood, and the women and young girls given over to a fate worse than death!" How edifying his horror at General Butler's barbarity, when we remember the three days' sack, in 1860, of the defenseless city of Pekin, and the blackguard pillage, in 1855, of the town and museum of Kertsch!

FOREIGN INTERVENTION AGAIN.

CERTAIN mischief-makers are again busily trying to dishearten loyal people and encourage the rebels with the old idle talk about foreign intervention.

The facts are: that two Paris journals—both, as every body knows, sold to the rebel agents, and whose editors are as much the property of John Slidell as his ox or his ass, to wit, the *Patrie* and the *Constitutionnel*—have published articles predicting and recommending a negotiation between France and England with a view to mediation in this country. On the strength of these articles, and of a casual visit of M. de Persigny to England, where his family are staying, the whole tribe of newspaper letter-writers have revived the old cry of armed interference in this country, and all the Tory journals of England, which are choking with spite and fury at the successes of the Union arms, have fallen to braying about intervention in the old way.

Per contra, both Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell have emphatically declared in Parliament that England had no intention to propose terms of mediation between the American belligerents; that no proposal for mediation had been made to England by France; that they thought foreign interference at this time would be most inopportune. Nothing could possibly be more conclusive against the least approach to foreign intervention than these solemn utterances of the leading members of the British Government. So in France. The Emperor's last public avowal of his policy contained the deliberate statement that, so long as the rights of neutrals were undisturbed, France had no right or desire to interfere in this country.

Yet, in the teeth of these authoritative statements, quite a number of American journals are busily engaged in trying to convince the public that we are menaced by Europe, and that we shall soon be engaged in a war with France and England. What can be said of such stupidity and perverseness?

THE LOUNGER.

THE ENGLISH COMEDY.

"How do the heathen furiously rage together!" was the instinctive exclamation of every man who read the foreign papers and debates upon Butler's famous Order No. 28. Mr. Gregory, the member for Secesh, scorned to make any inquiry of any under-secretary, but he "would ask the Prime Minister of England" whether the nation that blew men from the mouths of cannon in India was going to look on in silence while refractory women in America were committed to the calaboose. It was an indecency that shocked civilization and endangered human progress, according to this amusing British Secesh comedian.

That his particular friends starve and torture the loyal citizens of the United States who fall into their hands—that they hack and hew the living bodies of their prisoners, under pretense of surgical practice, until they die in agony—that they dig up our dead like hyenas and ghouls—that they boil the corpses to get the bones—that they cut them into drumsticks and ornaments—that they carve the skulls into cups, and burn the bodies which they can insult and injure no farther, are matters that do not trouble the excellent Gregory. These are acts naturally to be expected of a gallant, high-spirited, and refined people, struggling for their liberties against a brutal lust of power. But that a United States General should enforce a municipal regulation of New Orleans against women who make themselves nuisances, *that* is an incredible enormity, at which the world and Mr. Gregory stand aghast with horror.

From first to last in this rebellion John Bull has written himself down an ass. If he had boldly said what he felt, that he was delighted with the prospect of the destruction of this Government—that we had always been hateful to him, and that now he would gratify his spite—if he had at once recognized the rebellion and sent men and ships to help the traitors, his course would at least have been frank and manly. But to whine and snivel and sneer—to do all that he could to harm us, short of actual hostilities—to eat all his words and swallow all his principles—to let "I want to" be forever held in check by "I don't exactly like to"—this is the mean and contemptible course he has preferred to pursue.

The reason of British hate lies deeper than the want of cotton. It is a political and social sympathy. The British system is only a modification of feudalism. It is a system of special privilege, not of equal rights. And although ameliorated by the greater civilization of modern times it is feudal and despotic still, and stretches out its hand muffled in cotton to grasp the hand of its ghastly kinsman, the hideous hag of Southern slavery. John Bull is ashamed of the relative—but he involuntarily owns the kinship.

THE TEN WHO SAVE THE CITY.

IN our natural indignation with the official and current tone of British criticism upon our affairs, we ought not to be unmindful of the men who have clearly seen and bravely stated the truth in the American struggle. Lord Russell may seriously believe that the unwillingness of a Government to go to pieces without a struggle is merely a brutal lust of power. But if he does seriously believe it, it is because he is in his dotage. Lord Palmerston may say any thing that occurs to him to keep in office, but Lord Palmerston is clearly convicted by Mr. Cobden of the grossest and most absurd fabrications about the French. These two men are office-holders, and have always been so. Their view of events in the world is determined by the bearing of those events upon their chances for office.

But men like John Stuart Mill, who is always in the slender minority of the noblest Englishmen, we are bound by every consideration to honor. Another is Mr. Godkin, who lived for some time in this country, and whose connection with the *Daily News* in London has enabled that paper to take and hold the most impregnable position in the foreign debate upon our affairs. The raciest and most trenchant articles upon our war in the London *Daily News* are doubtless written by Mr. Godkin. Still another intelligent critic and spectator is J. E. Cairnes—a name hitherto unknown to us, the Professor of Jurisprudence and Political Economy in Queen's College, Galway, and late Whately Professor of Political Economy in the University of Dublin.

Professor Cairnes has recently published a work of which the full title is, "The Slave Power, its Character, Career, and Probable Designs: being an Attempt to Explain the Real Issues involved in the American Contest." It is the best book upon the general subject of slavery, and by far the most comprehensive, thorough, and masterly presentation of the essential question of our war that we have had. But he regards the matter not as an American, but as a citizen of the world. In his view it is necessary, in the interest of civilization, that the Slave Power should be destroyed here and now. He holds that it is not an American question exclusively, for every nation is interested in retarding an aggressive effort of barbarism. Intervention therefore, he says, is to be thought of only in one contingency, and that is when the United States Government finds itself unequal to destroying the moving cause of the rebellion: in which case every civilized Power should lend a hand.

He says that Europe has made up its mind that it is neither possible nor desirable to reconstruct the Union. But he argues, even if that be so, and the war should result in separation, it is of the utmost importance to Europe that the Slave Power in the States that secede shall be absolutely destroyed. Professor Cairnes, however, will hardly die before he sees that Europe has not so much made up its mind as declared its fervent wishes. He will live to see the Union reconstructed and the disturbing element eliminated.

But these for us are questions of the future. The business we have in hand is putting down the rebellion by every legitimate means of war. It is very possible that the Slave Power will be annihilated before the war ends, and as a means to that consummation. In that event Europe will probably take a new turn and make up its mind that this Government is absolutely in earnest, and that as this rebellion is causeless it will be suppressed even at the cost of the extermination of the rebels. It may also make up its mind that whatever Power interferes merely draws the whole world into war.

Such men as Mill, and Godkin, and Cairnes, make us still patient of the name of Englishman. For in them we recognize that loyalty to human liberty which is the sole hope of mankind. It is not that they take precisely the same view of our struggle that we do ourselves—for in many things we differ; but that they see clearly the cardinal fact, that it is a fight between Liberty and Despotism, between Class Privilege and Equal Rights.

TO WHOMSOEVER IT MAY CONCERN.

AT a time like this, when the country needs all her children either to fight or to advise and practically sympathize, there are three reasons which travelers to Europe may allege for their departure. The first is health; the second is unavoidable business; the third is indifference to the fate of the country. As for the first, there are many men who, under the circumstances, must feel very ill before they would consent to go abroad. For the second, every man must judge for himself. And whoever has not either of the other reasons to urge will naturally be suspected of the third.

But what kind of man must it be who can quietly meander through Europe, not only indifferent to the peril which threatens his country but even ashamed of its condition? Here is as grand an effort as men ever made for Civilization, Liberty, and Law; here are millions of men and women sending sons, brothers, husbands, fathers, and lovers to the battle-field—spending millions of dollars—and calmly beholding the delay of the national prosperity, in order that the great fundamental principle of the Government may be vindicated and the integrity of the Union maintained; scarcely a family but has a drop of its blood in the field—scarcely a home in which incessant labor is not preparing comfort for the wounded—scarcely a household but has felt the bloody sting of the war: one thought, one purpose, one heart-beat all through the loyal land; a convulsion long generating, and whose consequences are radical and ennobling: a stormy resurrection of the vital principle of all progressive civilization, an overwhelming of party-spirit by pure patriotism: and some citizen perhaps creeps and cowers through Europe ashamed of his country!

Never since we were a nation had an American such cause of pride and gratulation. Never since the Revolution have the mien and bearing of this people been so majestic and inspiring as they are to-day. Never was there such reasonable hope that our great destiny will be fulfilled in all the ample splendor of its conception. Come home, then, poor, shivering doubter! Come home, wanderer, wherever and whoever you may be, who are ashamed of your country at this hour! In the name of decency and honor let it not be known that you are an American, or Europe will believe all that the rebels say. Let it not be suspected that America produces such men as you, or faith in the triumph of the nation will become impossible. Come home! come home! You are ashamed of your country; but oh, wretched man! if you could only know how ashamed your country is of you!

MEDIATION, ETC.

WITH every arrival from Europe comes a cloud of rumors of intervention and mediation. But no intention or threat of that kind can possibly have any other effect in this country than to stimulate our repression of the rebellion. Europe is at perfect liberty to think and say what she chooses of us. If she goes farther and begins to act, she will understand, of course, that she comes into direct collision with us.

The result of an armed English and French intervention for the rebels would be of the gravest kind. Russia would necessarily be drawn into the struggle. Spain could not stay out. It would be universal war. Now nations are governed in the main by a perception of interest, and the question inevitably asks itself, What political or material advantage do these Powers gain?

If such an intervention should at last succeed, and after long years of war the Union should be temporarily destroyed, politically those Powers would gain the advantage of our division. But they could not gain that of the failure of the democratic principle, because the result would be due to the alliance of monarchies with a despotic faction of citizens whom we should otherwise have controlled.

Materially they would gain the advantage that might accrue from commerce with the South after cotton had been lost. For in the course of such a war, not only would the Southern cotton supply be totally inadequate and uncertain, but the factories of the world must have been supplied from other sources, or some new material would have replaced cotton. Evidently the commercial advantage of Europe lies in the sure and speedy victory of the Government.

There are other contingencies, especially for France to consider. If France intends to make war upon Mexico then, of course, she wants us out of the way. But that France cares to make war both upon the United States and Mexico at the same time is not very probable. Nor is England likely to fight for the interests of a power with which she has a traditional feud upon this continent. It is clear that England could possibly gain nothing by a war with us at the moment when our strength is conspicuous. The golden moment of intervention was just a year ago. That was lost, and it will never be recovered.

The talk of mediation and intervention is only part of the foreign hate and jealousy of this country. It is a cheap comfort to a cause the Powers do not yet dare to aid with arms. That it will be always talk is questionable. But in the condition of the public mind of this country, produced by the conduct of England and France, it is highly desirable for the peace of the world that not the slightest misunderstanding should occur between either of those nations and the United States. That their taunts were not able to compel this country to renounce its traditional principle even for the purpose of holding Slidell and Mason, is under all the circumstances an instance of a national magnanimity which seldom occurs in history. Neither in magnanimity, nor humanity, nor intelligence, nor bravery, nor in every excellence of civilization and national character, will the United States suffer by comparison either with a nation that blows its prisoners from the mouths of cannon or with one that suffocates them in a mountain cavern.

PLANTATION MANNERS.

THE members for slavery in the Congress of the United States ought to try to remember that the House of Representatives is not a slave-pen. Mr. Sedgwick, of Syracuse, one of the Representatives from this State, and one of the ablest, most loyal, and bravest men in Congress or the country, the energetic chairman of the committee upon naval affairs, takes the liberty as an American citizen to believe that the Declaration of Independence is not a lie nor the Constitution of the United States a fiction, and, in accordance with both those instruments, holds that men are men, whatever you may say about it; and that if, unhappily, some innocent men are deprived of their liberty by State laws, it would be better for the States and for the nation if their rights as men were acknowledged. Moreover, he believes that if they had been acknowledged the country would be at this moment more prosperous and in profounder peace than it has ever been. He therefore wishes that the war may result in destroying the root of rebellion, as well as in suppressing the rebellion itself; and to that end he desires that every aid and comfort, including that of the system of slavery, shall be, under the military powers granted by the Constitution, taken from the rebels.

Mr. Sedgwick is a man of great ability, of the loftiest character, and of the purest life; and this is his opinion. It may be a mistaken opinion, for no man is infallible. But certainly he has the same right to hold and express the opinion that liberty is safer than slavery that Mr. Mallory or any other person has to announce in the American Congress that slavery is safer than liberty. In a conversation in the House the other day Mr. Sedgwick said, that as the war was, by the confession of its leaders, begun for the extension of slavery, he hoped it would end in its extinction. Upon which Mr. Mallory remarked that he would be almost satisfied with the same result, provided that a few

people like Mr. Sedgwick could be hung before the end of the war.

It is high time that Mr. Mallory and the gentlemen who find nothing worth saving in the country but slavery should understand that the time has passed in the Congress of the United States when a profession of faith in the fundamental idea of this Government is to be received by ruffianism either in words or deeds. They should be taught by public opinion to know that Mr. Preston Brooks no longer sits in that House, and that his principles and practices are no longer the Congressional rule of conduct; and that if Mr. Mallory or any body else attempts to revive them, he will find that his only reward is the disgust and contempt of every loyal American citizen.

HARPER'S HAND-BOOK OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

IN a neat and convenient form the author of this volume, Mr. Fetridge, has condensed the necessary information for travelers in the great European and Eastern tour. He understands perfectly that such a book ought to contain what the traveler must otherwise "pick out of some twenty-five different guide-books, at a cost of nearly seventy dollars, besides the inconvenience of carrying some twenty-five pounds of extra baggage." This little work teems with valuable directions. It puts the traveler in the way of seeing and hearing and knowing all that is most interesting and delightful in his tour: and for the American traveler especially it contains a score of invaluable hints in regard to the details of traveling and expenses. The author has consulted all the proper books, and has himself made many of the tours for which he gives ample instructions. He has made an indispensable *vade mecum* of travel—and furnishes blank pages at the end that the notes of future travelers may enable his book to keep up with the times.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE WREATH FOR WRINKLES.—"If flowers are worn as ornaments for the dress, those in the hair should, of course, be of the same kind; for elderly ladies they can be intermixed with lace or feathers." Very well. If elderly ladies must wear flowers in their hair, and would choose appropriate flowers, they should decorate it with elder-flowers. The lace with which those flowers are intermixed should be antique, and the only feathers to match are those of a goose.

THE HEIGHT OF LIBERALITY.—Professor Holloway takes a box of Morison's Pills, and believing that he has been cured by them, sends a testimonial to the proprietors.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Maniac.—Teeth can not be extracted from the gums of trees.

Hoopoo.—Orchard is a place where apples are grown. You may call it a Poniatowski Squash; but this term, though endearing, conveys no definite idea to the mind.

Bobby.—How many times may I ask for potatoes at dinner? Twice, taking care to gasp between each application. Observe, no charge for booking.

Cabbage.—Burns was a Scorchman.

Peach.—The quotation about potatoes is in Shakspeare's *Timon the Tartar.*

Greeneye asks, "Do ganders lay eggs?" No, gooseberries, of course.

Daisy.—The masculine of cowslip is bulrush.

Doddles.—The best peaches are found at the sea-side at Peachy Head.

A LUXURY.—A traveler was lately boasting of the luxury of arriving at night, after a hard day's journey, to partake of the enjoyment of a well-cut ham and the left leg of a goose. "Pray, Sir, what is the peculiar luxury of a left leg?" "Sir, to conceive its luxury, you must find that it is the only leg that is left!"

"All maidens are good," says one moralist; "but where do the bad wives come from?"

"Then I'll bring a suit for my bill!" said an enraged tailor to a dandy, who refused to pay him. "Do, my dear fellow," replied the imperturbable swell, pointing to his threadbare clothes, "that's just what I want."

Follow the laws of nature and you will never be poor. Your wants will be but few. Follow the laws of the world and you will never be rich. You will want more than you can acquire.

A DECIDED MISTAKE.—A friend who is in the habit of breakfasting at a coffee-house has made the discovery that the old adage of "Nothing like leather" is a great mistake. He says that the steaks he gets every morning are very much like it.

An advertiser in a daily paper, who rejoices in the various occupations of doctor, lawyer, justice of the peace, and dry-goods merchant, adds the following to his list of pursuits and qualifications: "N.B. Auctioneering of the loudest kind, interwoven with ventriloquism."

"I say, Dick, don't you think that if the women had to do the fighting instead of the men they would make sad work of it?" "No; why do you ask?" "Because I think they would, they have such an engaging way with them." "That's very true; but they have also such a captivating way that there would be doubtless more prisoners than killed."

Two boys going home one day, found a box in the road, and disputed who was the finder. They fought the whole afternoon without coming to a decision. At last they agreed to divide the contents equally, but on opening the box, lo, and behold! it was empty. Few wars have been more profitable than this to the parties concerned.

An Irish barrister lately addressed a full court in Bankruptcy as "gentlemen" instead of "your honors." After he had concluded, a brother barrister reminded him of his error. He immediately arose to apologize thus: "May it please your honors, I find I called yer honors gentlemen. I made a mistake, yer honors." He then sat down, and we hope the court was satisfied.

We never knew one who was in the habit of scolding able to govern a family. What makes people scold? The want of self-government. How then can they govern others? Those who govern well are generally calm. They are prompt and resolute, but steady and mild.

ADVICE TO HUSBANDS.—If your wife happens to be of opinion that absolute monarchy is better than constitutional government, be resigned. You can not say your sovereign was not of your own choosing.

ESSAYS AND REMARKS.

BANTER.—Mutual banter is the ordinary conversation of people who justly despise one another. If you are a sensible fellow you will take banter in good part, and gratify your banterer by laughing at the fun which he makes of you, which you will be enabled to do with natural ease by considering what a ridiculous opinion of his own superiority to yourself he must entertain to have the impudence of presuming to make you his butt.

Banter may irritate a rational man if it take him unawares, as when he is talking in earnest, so as to confuse and balk him, and thus, like the zany's foolscap when it stopped the philosopher's telescope, put him into a rage. You will be subject to be ruffled by banter if you want sufficient presence of mind always, when attacked with it, to think how stupid you must be to suffer your serenity to be disturbed by an ass. Still, when banter flurries a man and puts him out, it is a considerable bore, and therefore he might well be vexed with his acquaintance for mocking him to his face, although he would not care a button how much they chose to deride him behind his back.

Banter among the lowest class of cabmen, omnibus conductors, and touters, and the inferior order of thieves, becomes chaff. Chaff is unbridled banter; insolence worded without scruple or restraint; scorn venting itself in a guffaw. As in banter smiling gentlemen pleasantly twit one another with follies and foibles, so grinning ruffians, interchanging chaff, bandy imputations of depravity. It is good for a gentleman to accustom himself to stand chaff, for that will enable him to sustain banter with complacency.

"That's my business!" as the butcher said to the dog that was killing his sheep.

An Irish footman, who got a situation at the west end of London, on entering a room where there was a vase of golden fish, exclaimed, "Well, by J——, this is the first time I ever saw red herrings alive!"

A lot of fellows bantering a large and fat companion, remarked that if all flesh was grass, he must be a load of hay. "I suspect I am," said the man, "from the way the asses are nibbling at me."

"If you children quarrel so about that doll, I'll break it; there's no peace where you are." "Oh do, mamma," screamed the young hopefuls; "then we all shall have a little *piece.*"

The facetious Mr. Bearcroft told his friend Mr. Vansittart, "Your name is such a long one, I shall drop the sittart and call you Van for the future." "With all my heart," said he; "by the same rule I shall drop the croft and call you Bear."

Douglas Jerrold was subjected to a series of long interviews with an old lady, a friend of the family, who was in the habit of talking to him in a very gloomy and depressing manner, presenting to him only the sad side of life. "Hang it," said Jerrold, "she wouldn't allow there was a bright side to the moon!"

THE REBEL FLEA.
You put your Finger on him, and he isn't there.

HAVING A REST.—"Why do you walk, Bob, when you've got a donkey to ride?" said a gentleman to an Irish lad, who was walking by the side of his donkey. "Sure, then," replied the boy, "I'm just walking to rest my legs."

It is beauty's privilege to kill time, and time's privilege to kill beauty.

SAMBO TO A VENDOR.—De tater is inevitably bad or inwerably good. Dare am no mediocrity in de combination ob de tater. De exterior may appear remarkably exemplary and butesome, while de interior is totally negative; but, Sir, if you wends de article 'pon your own responsibility, knowing you to be a man of sagacity in all your translations, why, Sir, widout further circumlocution, I take a bushel.

What description of fowl did Lord Elgin's carriage resemble when he entered Pekin?—*A coach in China.*

Which travels at the greatest speed, heat or cold?—Heat; because you can easily catch cold.

A MICHAELMAS GOOSE.—A person invited an acquaintance to dinner on the twenty-ninth of September, saying he always had a goose at dinner on Michaelmas-day.

A NEGRO'S NOTION.—It is peculiarly the duty of the white race to be cleanly—they show dirt so easily.

LADIES IN THE MIDDLE AGES.—In a "Book of Courtesy" published in the Middle Ages, ladies are recommended to keep their hands clean and to cut their nails often, and never to swear or get drunk!

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Tuesday, June 24, in the Senate, a resolution directing inquiry as to what legislation is necessary to punish Congressmen who lend their official influence to procure government contracts was adopted. A Message was received from the President vetoing the bill repealing the act prohibiting the issue of small bank-notes in the District of Columbia. An executive session was held, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the bills authorizing an additional issue of $150,000,000 of Treasury notes, and appropriating $5,000,000 for the payment of volunteers' bounties, were passed. The Senate's amendments to the Pacific Railroad bill, and also the House bill prohibiting polygamy in the Territories, were concurred in. After the transaction of considerable business of a miscellaneous character the House adjourned.

On Wednesday, June 25, in the Senate, the Judiciary Committee reported back the Bankrupt bill, with a recommendation that it be postponed till December next. The bill to prevent Congressmen and Government officers taking compensation for procuring contracts was reported back by the Judiciary Committee. The discussion of the Confiscation bill was then resumed, and continued till the adjournment.——In the House, resolutions of the Missouri State Convention on the subject of emancipation were presented, and ordered to be printed. A bill for the admission of Western Virginia into the Union was referred to the Committee on Territories. The bill providing for the adjustment of the claims of loyal citizens for damages caused by the Union troops was taken up, and discussed at considerable length. The House then took up the Tariff bill, and, after the adoption of a number of amendments, adjourned.

On Thursday, June 26, in the Senate, the bill granting the proceeds of certain public lands in aid of the construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad was passed. The bill for the admission of Western Virginia into the Union as a State was taken up, and discussed by Senator Sumner. The bill recognizes slavery till the end of the year 1863; but Senator Sumner moved an amendment prohibiting slavery in the State. Pending the question, the Senate resolved itself into a High Court of Impeachment, and proceeded with the trial of Judge West H. Humphreys, of Tennessee, charged with high crimes and misdemeanors against the Government. After the hearing of testimony, the President of the Senate pronounced the judgment of the Court, as follows: "It is hereby ordered and decreed that West H. Humphreys, Judge of the District Court for the Western, Middle, and Eastern Districts of Tennessee, be, and is hereby, removed from said office, and that he be and is disqualified from holding or enjoying any office of honor, trust, or profit under the United States." The Court and the Senate then adjourned.——In the House, Mr. Walton, of Vermont, offered a preamble and resolution declaring, in effect, that the reporter of the New York *Tribune*, who sent to that paper an article relative to the purchase by Congress of Gales & Seaton's compilation of the proceedings of Congress, is guilty of a breach of the privileges accorded to reporters by the House, and directing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the facts. The preamble and resolution were adopted by a vote of 102 against 8. The Senate bill increasing the army medical corps was passed. No other business was transacted, the members of the House being in attendance upon the High Court of Impeachment for the trial of Judge Humphreys.

On Friday, June 27, in the Senate, the bill punishing Congressmen and other public officers, and disqualifying them from holding office, on conviction of their having taken any consideration for procuring government contracts, office, or place from the government, was passed. The report of the conference committee on the bill reorganizing the navy was agreed to. The debate on the Confiscation bill was then resumed, and continued till the adjournment.——In the House, the morning hour was occupied in discussing the bill providing indemnity to loyal citizens for losses of property through United States troops. A bill was reported making good the amount of the Indian trust bonds stolen from the Interior Department through the connivance of the traitor Floyd. In Committee of the Whole the discussion of the Tariff bill was resumed, and all the sections of the bill were acted on except the last two, when the committee rose. A resolution was adopted ordering the arrest of Michael C. Murphy, of New York, to answer for contempt, he having refused to appear before the Judiciary Committee in the case of Hon. Benjamin Wood. The House then adjourned till Monday.

On Saturday, June 28, in the Senate, a communication was received from the War Department transmitting official reports of the battle of Pittsburg Landing, one hundred and sixty in number. The consideration of the Confiscation bill was resumed; and, after some debate, the motion of Senator Clark, of New Hampshire, to substitute the bill reported by the Senate committee for the House bill, was adopted by a vote of twenty-one against seventeen; and afterward the bill was passed by a vote of twenty-eight against thirteen. An executive session was then held, and the Senate adjourned.

THE BATTLE OF MECHANICSVILLE.

Another terrible battle took place before Richmond on 26th and 27th. It appears that General M'Clellan had become convinced by 25th that General Fitz John Porter's corps, which was on the north side of the Chickahominy, should be moved across the river so as to be on the same side as the rest of the army, and the movement of commissary stores and tents had already begun. This movement will eventually necessitate the abandonment of the railroad to the Pamunky and of our dépôt at White House; and orders were sent to White House to embark our stores and send them to Fortress Monroe, with a view to the establishment of a new dépôt on the James or Chickahominy rivers.

On 26th the enemy attacked simultaneously General Porter's corps near Mechanicsville (the rebels having crossed the Chickahominy near the Virginia Central), and our forces near Hanover Court House. They took nothing by the attack, General M'Call's division, which was in the advance, being thoroughly able to hold their ground.

Early on the morning of 27th M'Call received orders to fall back slowly in the direction of Gaines's Mills. The order was obeyed. The retreat was so slow that the troops took six hours to march less than six miles. After passing Gaines's Mills they reached the ground where they had been directed to make a stand—a large plain lying some distance east of Gaines's Mills, southeast of Coal Harbor and north of the Chickahominy. There they awaited the attack of the enemy, who came on in great force at about 3 P.M. on 27th. The battle raged fiercely till night, without change of position. At one time General Porter was so hard pressed—the enemy having received reinforcements—that he sent across the Chickahominy to M'Clellan for help. It came at once. A few thousand men, under Generals Slocum, Palmer, French, and Meagher, were hurried across the river, and with this reinforcement General Porter held his ground firmly, and holds it still. Night put an end to the conflict.

The effect of these battles is to change somewhat the line of our army before Richmond. Instead of stretching from Mechanicsville, on the north side of the Chickahominy, to Bear and White Oak Swamp, on the south bank of the river, a distance of some twenty miles, our forces are now concentrated on the Chickahominy, at what was till recently our left flank. As soon as a new dépôt and base of operations are established, the whole army will move forward without delay upon the rebel right and Richmond—probably along the bank of the James River.

General Jackson is said to have reinforced the rebels with his army from the Shenandoah Valley.

THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA.

General Pope has received the supreme command of affairs in the Shenandoah Valley, and will now be pitted against the rebel Stonewall Jackson. The forces under Major-Generals Frémont, Banks, and M'Dowell have been consolidated into one army, called "the Army of Virginia," and Major-General Pope has been especially assigned by the President to the chief command. The forces under General Frémont constitute the first army corps, to be commanded by General Frémont. The forces under General Banks constitute the second army corps, and are to be commanded by him. The forces under General M'Dowell constitute the third army corps, to be commanded by him.

CARVING A HEAD-STONE.

The following is published:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, *June* 27, 1862.

I.—Major-General John C. Fremont having requested to be relieved from the command of the first army corps of the Army of Virginia, because, as he says, the position assigned him by the appointment of Major-General Pope as Commander-in-chief of the Army of Virginia is subordinate and inferior to that heretofore held by him, and to remain in the subordinate command now assigned would, as he says, largely reduce his rank and consideration in the service, it is ordered that Major-General John C. Fremont be relieved from command.

II.—That Brigadier-General Rufus King be and he is hereby assigned to the command of the first army corps of the Army of Virginia, in place of General Frémont, relieved. By order of the PRESIDENT.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

ROSECRANS IN THE FIELD.

General Rosecrans, who has hitherto proved himself an able officer in his career in Western Virginia, is to take General Pope's command.

A SKIRMISH BEFORE RICHMOND.

On 25th June, our pickets on the left were advanced considerably, under sharp resistance on the part of the enemy. The movement commenced about noon. At 3½ o'clock General M'Clellan telegraphed that the picket lines of General Kearney and one half those of General Hooker were where he desired them to be, and that he hoped soon to accomplish all he aimed at for the day. At 5 o'clock he telegraphed that the affair was over, and that he had gained his point fully, and with but little loss, notwithstanding the strong opposition. The enemy was driven out of his camps in front, and all was quiet. While this important movement was being made on the left, General Fitz-John Porter, further to the right, succeeded in silencing the enemy's batteries in his front.

The ground fought for was a swamp, with thick underbrush, beyond which is an open space, the command of which is extremely important. But little more ground is now to be gained to place our troops entirely beyond the swamps fringing the Chickahominy—a matter of the first moment as regards the health of the troops, as well as facility of movement.

THE FIGHT AT CHARLESTON.

The troops under command of General Benham made an attack on Secessionville, on James Island, S. C., at four o'clock on the morning of the 16th, and after four hours' hard fighting against the rebel batteries, were repulsed, with heavy loss. The Seventy-ninth New York Volunteers (Highland Regiment) behaved with the most determined valor, and suffered fearfully. The Eighth Michigan sustained with them the hottest portion of the fight, and suffered equally. The attack was made on the Tower Battery, which, for some time past, had been annoying our troops with shells, and General Benham resolved to make a reconnoissance in force to discover the strength of the enemy at that point. The result proved that his command was not large enough for the operation he undertook to accomplish; and although the troops retreated in good order after a terrific combat, their sacrifice was heavy, and their repulse, under the circumstances, was rendered inevitable. That General Benham had not force enough to effect what he attempted is unquestionable; and the blame of failure is put upon him, and he has been sent here to New York under arrest. This affair cost us six hundred and sixty-eight brave soldiers killed, wounded, and missing.

RAILROAD ATTACKED NEAR MEMPHIS.

An attack was made by a body of rebel cavalry on Wednesday upon a train bound for Corinth, on the Charleston and Memphis Railroad, twelve miles from the latter city, containing a company of the Fifty-sixth Ohio regiment, a number of officers, and several teams and wagons. The rebels destroyed the locomotive, burned the cars, killed ten of our men, and captured several officers including Colonel Kenney, Majors Pride and Sharp.

REBEL CLERGYMEN IN LIMBO.

Many of the clergy of Tennessee are obstinately rebellious, with the exception of the priesthood of the Catholic Church, who are devotedly loyal to the Union. The leading clergymen of the Methodist and Baptist persuasions refused to take the oath of allegiance at the Conference in Nashville, and many of them were sent to the Penitentiary as impenitent rebels.

OUR ARMY IN ARIZONA.

General Carleton's brigade of Union troops has entered Arizona. The advance-guard, under Colonel West, reached Tucson about the 17th ult., the rebels having previously abandoned the place. The Stars and Stripes were again hoisted over the ruins of Fort Breckinridge.

THE MORMON LEGISLATURE.

The Deseret Legislature met for the first time at Salt Lake City on the 14th of April, and Brigham Young sent in his Message as Executive of the State. The Governor is sound on the Union, and strongly urges the immediate recognition of the State authority of Deseret by Congress. He says the government will save, by her admission into the Union, thirty-four thousand dollars now paid for Territorial expenses, and receive her annual quota of the governmental tax. He recommends the Legislature, when Deseret is taken in, to exact that it be done with all the laws that are now in operation in the Territory of Utah, including, of course, the law recognizing polygamy.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.

MORE TALK OF INTERVENTION.

THE *Patrie* of the 11th ultimo circulated the following paragraph in larger type than usual: "We are assured that negotiations are about to commence in London to arrive at an understanding which may enable proposals to be made for a mediation in American affairs. If the negotiations in question succeed, the mediation of England and France will be tendered simultaneously, and in identical terms, to the belligerent parties."

THE SURGEON AT WORK AT THE REAR DURING AN ENGAGEMENT.—[See Page 439.]

BIRDS EYE VIEW OF RICHMOND AND THE VICINITY.—[See Page 439.]

THE OLD HAMPTON CHURCH, AT HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.

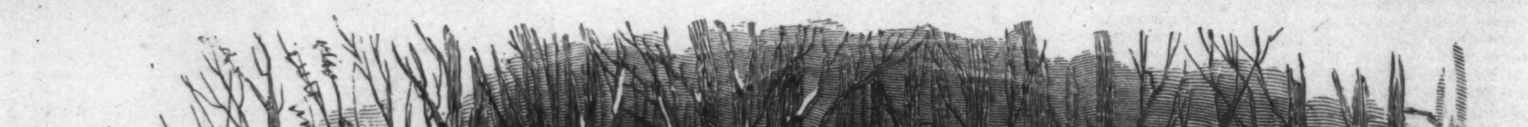
THE OLD CHURCH AT HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.

WE give on this page a picture which shows in the fore-ground the OLD CHURCH AT HAMPTON—the oldest in the United States, which was built of bricks brought over from England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Hampton used to be a delightful place of residence, especially in summer. Rude war and the savage destructiveness of the rebels have now left it desolate, and many a year will revolve before it recovers its ancient aspect of quiet happiness and repose.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE F. SHEPLEY.

GENERAL SHEPLEY, whose portrait we give on page 433, is the son of ex-Chief-Justice Shepley, of Maine, the most eminent jurist of that State. He was born at Saco, and is now forty-two years of age. Was a graduate of Dartmouth, of the law school of Cambridge, and further perfected his studies in the office of Judge Howard, of Portland.

He commenced the practice of his profession in the city of Bangor at the age of twenty-one, and almost immediately entered upon a large practice, and was engaged as counsel in some of the most important causes in the Supreme Court of the State. A few years afterward he removed to Portland, continuing there the practice of his profession, to which he has been devotedly attached, and from which he has never allowed himself to be diverted for any length of time by any allurements of political or official position. Near the close of President Polk's term, though then a very young man, he received the responsible office of United States District Attorney, which position he held to the close of Mr. Buchanan's Administration.



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—A FORAGING PARTY.

He commenced his military service as Colonel of the Twelfth Regiment Maine Volunteers. This regiment was designed from the outset to constitute a portion of General Butler's New England Division. The Report of the Adjutant-General of Maine states that, "upon the nomination of General Butler, Hon. George F. Shepley, of Portland, long District Attorney of the United States, and whose reputation as one of the ablest and most eloquent lawyers in New England is too well known to require mention here, was appointed Colonel of this regiment. The clothing, uniforms, equipment, and complete outfit of this regiment were got up by Colonel Shepley's direction and under his constant supervision, and are equal if not superior to those of any regiment in the service."

His administration of the difficult duties of Military Commandant of New Orleans—which office may be said to include that of Mayor, District Judge, and Sheriff—has called forth the warm admiration of the people of the city, who divide the praise between the justice, impartiality, and amount of business General Shepley performs. Under his administration a crevasse above the city, supposed at the time to be irreparable, has been stopped, which saved the rear of Carrollton and New Orleans from overflow. A commission has been established to clean the city and help the poor by judicious remunerative labor. For five hours of the day, at the Mayor's office, General Shepley hears complaints, and listens with patience to the petition of citizens, corporations, and helpless people impoverished by the rebellion; and these duties he performs in addition to his military responsibilities.

MAJOR-GENERAL L. WALLACE.

MAJOR-GENERAL LEWIS WALLACE, whose portrait we reproduce on page 433, has been, we believe, a lawyer by trade, and a citizen of Indianapolis, Indiana. When the rebellion broke out, in April, 1861, he raised a regiment which was afterward known as the Eleventh Indiana Volunteers. They were Zouaves, and their friends claimed that they were more perfect in the Zouave drill than any other regiment in the service. When they were mustered in, at Indianapolis, Colonel Wallace made the whole regiment kneel before the State House and take a solemn oath to "remember Buena Vista"—Jeff Davis having, as is said, cast imputations of cowardice upon the Indiana Regiments at Buena Vista. The Eleventh Indiana saw some service during their three months' campaign. They were at the capture of Romney and other affairs in Western Virginia. At the expiration of their term of service Colonel Wallace reorganized them for the war, and they were sent to Missouri. On the increase of the army of the West, Colonel Wallace was appointed Brigadier under General P. F. Smith, and was in command for some time at Smithland, Kentucky. He made several important reconnoissances at this time, and attracted so much attention by his skill and daring that he was soon promoted to the command of a division. At the storming of Fort Donelson he distinguished himself conspicuously, and was therefore promoted to a Major-Generalship. He again did good service on the second day's fight at Pittsburg Landing. After the evacuation of Corinth his division was ordered to Memphis, which place they reached a few days since. General Wallace's first act, on assuming command at Memphis, was to put a stop to the secession gabble of the Memphis *Argus*. Of all the Western officers General Wallace is perhaps the most popular with his men.

Of his strictness as a disciplinarian our correspondent tells a good story. In camp near Pittsburg he met one day four of his soldiers carrying to their tent half an ox, which they had appropriated. He ordered each of the men by turns to carry the half ox on his shoulders round a tree for an hour—the performance to last a whole day in the broiling sun. He then compelled them the next day to fan the carcass, so as to keep off the flies. And on the third day he had them bury it with appropriate ceremonies. The amusement this affair caused in camp may well be imagined.

THE BATTLE OF ST. CHARLES, ARKANSAS.

WE publish on page 433 an illustration of the BATTLE AT ST. CHARLES, on the White River, Arkansas, on 17th June. Our gun-boats ascended the river, discovered a rebel battery, and commenced to bombard it, when a shot pierced the steam-drum of the *Mound City*, and caused the death of most of her officers and crew. On seeing this, Colonel Fitch, who accompanied the boats with a land force, immediately stormed the rebel works. The following official reports convey an idea of the affair:

ST. CHARLES, WHITE RIVER, ARKANSAS, *June* 17,
Via CAIRO, *June* 21, 1862.

To Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

On arriving eight miles below here last evening we ascertained that the enemy had two batteries here, supported by a force, number unknown, of infantry.

A combined attack was made at seven o'clock A.M. today. The regiment under my command (Forty-sixth Indiana) landed two and a half miles below the battery, and skirmishers were thrown out, who drove in the enemy's pickets.

The gun-boats then moved up and opened on their batteries. A rifled shot from one of the batteries penetrated the steam-drum of the *Mound City*, disabling, by scalding, most of her crew.

Apprehensive that some similar accident might happen to the other gun-boats, and thus leave my small force without their support, I signaled the gun-boats to cease firing, and we would storm the battery. They ceased at exactly the right moment, and my men carried the battery gallantly. The infantry were driven from the support of the guns, the gunners shot at their posts, their commanding officer, Freye (formerly of the United States Navy), wounded and captured, and eight brass and iron guns, with ammunition, captured.

The enemy's loss is unknown. We have buried seven or eight of their dead, and other dead and wounded are being brought in.

The casualties among my own command are small, the only real loss being from the escaping steam in the *Mound City*. She will probably be repaired and ready to proceed with us up the river to-morrow.

A full report will be made as early as possible. Very respectfully, G. N. FITCH,
Colonel commanding Forty-sixth Indiana Volunteers.

UNITED STATES FLAG-STEAMER "BENTON,"
MEMPHIS, *June* 19, *via* CAIRO, *June* 21, 1862.

Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

The gun-boat *Conestoga*, returning from the White River, reports the capture of two batteries, mounting seven guns, at St. Charles, 80 miles from the mouth of the river.

The attack was commenced by Captain Kelty in the gun-boats, who silenced the first battery. The second battery was gallantly carried by Colonel G. N. Fitch, at the head of the Forty-sixth Indiana Volunteers.

A shot caused the explosion of the steam-drum of the *Mound City*, by which the greater part of her officers and crew were killed and wounded.

I write by to-day's mail.

C. H. DAVIS, Flag-officer.

The following, from the *Tribune* correspondence, relates the sufferings of the poor fellows on board the *Mound City*:

The gun-deck was covered with miserable, perishing wretches. Some of the officers who were in the cabins rushed out frantic with pain, to fall in writhing tortures beside some poor though fortunate fellow who had just breathed his last.

The close and burning atmosphere of the vessel was rent with cries, and prayers, and groans, and curses—a Pandemonium of torture and despair.

They suffered, writhed, and twisted like a coil of serpents over burning fagots; but many, who were less injured than others, felt even in that hour the instinct of self-preservation, and, running to the ports, leaped out into the river. The water for a while relieved them of their pain, and they struck out bravely for the shore opposite the fortifications, or for the *Conestoga* or *Lexington*, perhaps half a mile in the rear.

Then—I blush to name it, and think I am an American—while the poor, scalded fellows were struggling in the river, prompted by an involuntary instinct, when their condition would have appealed to the most barbarous of barbarians, and melted the stoniest heart, our enemies, the self-asserted types of courage and chivalry, turned the guns of the upper and lower batteries upon the unfortunates in the river, and sent more than one noble spirit to its rest.

Not satisfied with this, a detachment of sharp-shooters left the second work that the *Mound City* and *St. Louis* had been engaging, and, proceeding down to the river bank, deliberately fired again and again at the Union men.

Every few moments some poor wretch would throw up his hands as a bullet struck him, and go down, leaving a crimson hue upon the water from the wound that had let out his painful life.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

WE publish on pages 440 and 441 a large drawing illustrating A BAYONET CHARGE; on page 436 an illustration of the SURGEON AT WORK at the rear during a battle; and on page 437 A BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF RICHMOND AND THE VICINITY, showing the James River, the bridges across it, the fortifications erected by the rebels, and the country over which M'Clellan is so steadily and surely pushing his way onward.

The two former drawings are by our artist, Mr. Winslow Homer, who spent some time with the army of the Potomac, and drew his figures from life. The Bayonet Charge is one of the most spirited pictures ever published in this country. It is notorious to military men that soldiers seldom actually cross bayonets with each other in battle. Before the regiment which is charging reaches its antagonist, the latter usually seeks safety in flight. All the strength and all the bravery in the world will not protect a man from being run through the body by a bayonet if he stands still while it approaches him end on. It is said that during the Peninsular war there was an occasion on which the British and French armies actually crossed bayonets, and at Inkerman one of the Russian Regiments is said to have stood still while it was charged by an English regiment. At Fairoaks the rebels almost invariably broke and fled before our bayonets reached them. In one or two instances, however, there were hand-to-hand tussles at particular points. One of these is realized in our picture.

The "Surgeon at Work" introduces us to the most painful scene on the battle-field. Away in the rear, under the green flag, which is always respected among civilized soldiers, the surgeon and his assistants receive the poor wounded soldiers, and swiftly minister to their needs. Arteries are tied, ligatures and tourniquets applied, flesh wounds hastily dressed, broken limbs set, and sometimes, where haste is essential, amputations performed within sight and sound of the cannon. Of all officers the surgeon is often the one who requires most nerve and most courage. The swaying tide of battle frequently makes him a prisoner, and sometimes brutal soldiers will take a flying shot at him as they pass. Upon his coolness and judgment depend the lives of a large proportion of the wounded; and if they fall into the enemy's hands, military rule requires that he should accompany them as a prisoner. An arrangement has lately been made between General Howell Cobb, of the rebel army, and Colonel Keys, of the army of the Potomac, by which surgeons are to be considered non-combatants and released from custody as soon as their wounded are in the hands of the surgeons of the enemy.

MAJOR-GENERAL POPE.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN POPE, who has just been appointed to the command of the Army of Virginia, to operate in the Shenandoah Valley, was born in Kentucky, about the year 1822. He entered the Military Academy at West Point from Illinois in 1838, and graduated in 1842 as Second Lieutenant of Topographical Engineers. He was in the Mexican war, and at Monterey so distinguished himself that he obtained his First Lieutenancy. Again at Buena Vista he won laurels and the brevet rank of Captain. He was still a Captain when the rebellion broke out, and was one of the officers appointed by the War Department to escort President Lincoln to Washington. He was loyal, and was soon after the inauguration appointed to a command in Missouri. Bands of marauders were at that time overrunning the State, burning bridges, robbing Union men, and firing into army trains. General Pope inaugurated the plan of making each county responsible for outbreaks occurring therein. An attack having subsequently been made by the rebels on a body of Union men, General Pope assessed the damage at a given sum, ordered the county to pay it on a day fixed, and, when the county officials showed a disposition to trifle with him, seized property and produce enough to pay the amount required. He was subsequently appointed by General Halleck to the command of Central Missouri, and effected several important seizures of rebel arms and supplies, which rendered it necessary for General Price to fall back. When General Curtis was sent in pursuit of Price, General Pope was dispatched to Commerce, Missouri, where he organized with remarkable dispatch a compact army of about 12,000 men, and marched through the swamp to the rear of New Madrid. He took the place by a brilliant dash, seizing a large quantity of arms and munitions of war: then, conjointly with the mortar and gun-boat fleet, laid siege to Island No. 10. The siege might have been indefinitely prolonged but for "a transverse movement" undertaken by General Pope. He cut a canal through the swamp and bayou, through which a gun-boat and transports were sent to him from above. This enabled him to cross the river, and to bag the entire rebel army at Island No. 10. General Pope was subsequently ordered to reinforce General Halleck at Corinth. His was the first corps to enter the place after the evacuation, and he pursued the flying force of Beauregard for forty miles, capturing large stores of ammunition and a large number of prisoners.

He has just arrived at Washington, and received the command of the Army of Virginia, with Frémont, Banks, and M'Dowell under him. We give his portrait on page 445.

ESCAPE OF CONTRABANDS.

ON page 444 we publish a picture illustrating the ESCAPE OF SIX CONTRABANDS from the coast of Florida to the United States bark *Kingfisher*, doing blockading duty. The author of the sketch thus describes it:

UNITED STATES BARK "KINGFISHER,"
BLOCKADING OFF ST. MARKS, FLORIDA, *April* 30, 1862.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

I beg to transmit to you, herewith inclosed, a rough sketch of contrabands escaping to this vessel (on the 17th of April), with the St. Marks River and Light-house in the distance. They were six in number, almost entirely in a nude state. They state that they ran away some months ago, and had subsisted on what wild hog they could run down, and the roots and herbs that grew around in the bush and swamp. Their sail consisted of an old flannel blanket, and the old coat at the mast-head signified, I presume, a flag of truce. Should you deem it worthy of publication it is at your disposal.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
WILLIAM O. JUBE, Assistant-Paymaster.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOUTHERN UNIONISM.

DECATUR, ILLINOIS, *June* 19, 1862.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly.

DEAR SIR,—A Southerner by birth, lineage, and education, a slaveholder, the son and grandson of slaveholders, having just escaped from the land of despotism and blood, I hasten to thank you for your just appreciation of the difficulties of this mortal crisis that is now upon us, and for the sound advice you give the Government. Your remarks upon Slavery attack my interests; but I am not one of those who balance their interests with the welfare of their country. I can forgive your hostility to Slavery on account of your unswerving support of the Government in the hour of its trial. You say that the United States Government must show that it is the strongest, and that it is determined. O say it again and again, and let the faltering, despairing Union men of the South take hope! You seem to think disparagingly and doubtingly of Southern Union sentiment. In this you are mistaken. You know not the doubts and fears that have strangled the hopes of Southern Union men. Remember the cowardly articles that have appeared in certain lukewarm or traitorous Northern papers; and Vallandigham—O the villain!—his speeches scattered broadcast over the South by exultant secession papers; and then the sufferings of the people of East Tennessee, and the extraordinary course of the Government in dealing with traitors—weak, irresolute, and self-doubting—allowing men boldly to refuse to swear allegiance, and then walk abroad among and taunt and threaten loyal citizens. Why, a man was actually beaten nearly to death upon the landing of the United States troops at Memphis for shouting for the Union, and that too within forty feet of the Union soldiers, who had no orders to interfere. And two old men, unable to restrain their enthusiasm upon the same occasion, were threatened with death in my hearing by blood-thirsty secessionists, standing around with Colt's repeaters in their bosoms. The Government must show itself the strongest, and that it is in earnest, and tens of thousands of Union men will rush to welcome its authority and take up arms for it. Did not forty men volunteer in Conway County, Arkansas, a few days ago, to General Curtis's army? The Union men of the South have been ground down to the dust, their hearts crushed so long that they are slow to hope again. If you could only know how certainly and remorselessly every expression of Union sentiment has been punished, you would no longer wonder at their hesitancy. Did you ever reflect what a tremendous engine of power Fear was? How did Robespierre hold France trembling at his feet, every one praying for his death, yet none daring to strike? And the Dictator Francia, how did he hold Paraguay paralyzed for twenty-five years? I used to read, when a boy, of the Reign of Terror of the French Revolution; but little did I dream that I should ever witness its parallel in America. No, Sir, you are mistaken. Tens of thousands, yea, hundreds of thousands of loyal hearts unceasingly pray for the approach of the Flag of the Union, silently and tremblingly, but none the less fervently.

Do you not know that two-thirds at least of the people of the South are non-slaveholders? And can you believe that they are willing, or ever were willing, to fight a long bloody war on account of Slavery? Many were deceived by adroit and eloquent demagogues into not *voting* at all; some few into voting for secession; and in some States, particularly North Carolina and Tennessee, they were hurried and bullied into secession. And in Arkansas the Convention, after having been elected as pledged to the Union by an overwhelming majority, voted the State out of the Union and never submitted their action to the people. Sixty-five men, acting without authority or sanction for sixty-five thousand! Many of my intimate friends urged me to go with them. I told them no, they never could get my assistance to ruin my country. My constant reply was, "Did you ever know a revolution to succeed that did not spring from the hearts of the people?" Remember, they only volunteered for twelve months. Did that look like zeal or sincerity? In most cases they volunteered to escape the draft with which they were constantly threatened. And their refusal to re-enlist produced the infamous conscription law. And they pray for the advance of the Union flag, for they know that nothing else can stop this bloody war and relieve them from intolerable military despotism. O, then, keep it before the people and Government of the United States, that the Government must show itself the strongest! If 500 or 1000 leading men in the South could be banished, or got out of the way, the people would return to their allegiance immediately.

Yours truly, E. MEREDITH.

AFTER.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

Now she lies here dead before you,
Still and cold as any stone;
Now the dreadful grief broods o'er you,
Desolate and all alone;
Now that all of passion's past,
It is well we meet at last.

Daytime—but you would not know it—
And the summer sun is bright
As the visions of a poet—
And she only died last night!—
Ah, it is a sorry jest,
All these things are for the best.

Say you loved her, loved her truly,
With the purest faith of man,
Sacrificing all things duly,
As a noble lover can;
Yet she made you—yes, I see—
Just the thing you ought to be.

Loved her? Bah! your truth and honor
And your manhood, what were they?
Stand up here and look upon her!
'Tis a pretty piece of clay:—
Others, quite as kind and true,
Loved her quite as well as you.

But they spoke not and were wiser,
Though perchance she knew as well,
For she had an arch adviser,
One whose home is down in hell.
Oh, but she was wondrous fair:
Look, how she is sleeping there.

See, I pity you, poor dreamer;
I, whom you have hated long;
And I will not make it seem her
Guilt, that she has done you wrong:
She was heavenly—like a star—
She was what the angels are!

Hope, I say; and when you meet her
With them in the Eden Plain,
Clasp her to your soul and greet her
With a talk of splendid pain;—
Tell her, in yon starry cope,
How I told you words of hope.

Time and tide flow on forever;
Pleasure alternates with pain;
Life is restless with endeavor;
Sad with loss, and sweet with gain;
But there is no settled bliss
In this world for only this.

For around us are the curses,
And the tumult and the roar;
We are jostled in our hearses
As we always were before.
Only those surpass the strife
Who attain the higher life.

Look up bravely. Say I cheered you,
Standing here beside this corse;
Say it was her love endeared you;
Tell her of my wild remorse.
Tell her, howsoe'er you will,
Ruined, lost, I love her still!

Not for me is any morrow,
Crown of love or crown of fame:
I will tread this mighty sorrow
In the mire of sensual shame:
I will grovel in the earth,
Wasting toward a lower birth.

There is nothing makes me tremble,
Nothing that I fear to do;
But so gently I dissemble,
You would never think it true.
'Tis no matter: best be gay,
Playing out a foolish play.

Mock you? Is your heart so broken?
Was it nothing to be blest
With that very precious token
That she loved you like the rest?
Nothing, that she gave her vow?—
No, I do not mock you now.

In a world of commonplaces,
Empty hearts and shallow brains,
Flaunting fools with painted faces,
Black desires and crimson stains—
Well enough as such things go,
That sweet grief should tempt you so.

Hope, I say, till you receive her.
Hope, for we are only men.
Put her in the grave, and leave her
Just your heart to keep till then.
So—my blessing—for I knew
Just how good she was to you!

THE WAR FOR THE UNION, 1862—A BAYO

A BAYONET CHARGE.—[See Page 439.]

"AN UNCLAIMED BODY."*

UNKNOWN, unclaimed, forgotten,
In a rude, unlettered bier,
With the death-wound on his fair young brow,
In a nameless grave he sleepeth now,
Unhallowed by a tear!

* * * * * * *

Darkly the cloud of battle
Hangs o'er the Field of Pines;
With desperate might the rebels bear
Their famine-driven squadrons there
Upon our slender lines.

The shadowy belts of forest
With ghastly flames are red:
By copse and bramble, plain and wood,
Lie, prone or writhing in their blood,
The dying and the dead.

Who is yon gallant stripling
Far in our battle's van,
Who combats as if Freedom's charm
Had nerved his heart and steeled his arm
Beyond the might of man?

Within the deepest woodland,
When faint the conflict grew—
His dress in deadly grapple shred,
Blackened his face, and bare his head—
He fell!—and no one knew!

* * * * * * *

Sweet are the song-birds' carols;
The flowers of June are fair;
The stream laughs gayly in the sun,
But by its margin walketh one
Who sees no laughter there.

Her slender form is drooping;
Her dark-blue eye is dim;
The sunrays nestle in her hair,
The birds still sing, the flowers are fair—
She only thinks of *him!*

"Oh! that this mad rebellion
By prayers and tears could cease;
And he—my golden thread of life—
Were here, unbroken, from the strife,
To give my poor heart peace!

"I love thee, oh, my country!
I love thee from my soul!
My life I would not count a shade,
A feather, on thine altar laid,
If it could make thee whole!

"But *his!* ah! spare my other,
My nobler, better part!
Thou still hast myriad hero souls
To shine on Glory's martyr-rolls—
But *he* is all *my* heart!"

The summer flowers still open,
And the bee their honey sips;
But alas for the weeping maiden there,
With the sunshine rippling o'er her hair,
And the prayer on her trembling lips!

Unclaimed, unknown, forgotten,
In a rude, unlettered bier,
With the death-wound on his fair young brow,
In a nameless grave *he* sleepeth now,
Unhallowed by a tear!

STRATEGY.

"CLARA, come sing Schubert's Serenade—it will suit this tranquil evening."

There were very few people on deck, the stars were all out, and the rippling waters through which we were so quietly yet so swiftly speeding would murmur the refrain for her voice so full of sad, sweet tenderness.

Clara gathered her long, Spanish-looking cloak around her and answered not.

"Any little song, then, that suits you," I continued.

"I should choke," was her only response, in a dry, smothered tone, her eyes fixed on the dark waters.

I was quiet after that, for either my cousin was out of humor or ill, and I could not tell which. But she was not long silent. A restless nervousness pervaded all her actions; she took off her close bonnet and put on her picturesque riding-hat with its graceful plumes; then that was doffed, and her fine, well-poised head—so childishly graceful in its expressive turns—with its mass of straight, glossy hair, all drawn smoothly off her white forehead, was left uncovered to the breeze; her hands moved incessantly, now twirling over the leaves of her book, then thrown listlessly in her lap, then again caressing the black feathers of her chapeau. I ventured to ask what was the matter.

"If I could only dash down into those waves," was her strange reply.

I could have smiled at the earnestness had I not seen that she was really suffering.

"Would it not be well to let me share your perplexity in some other way? We should find the river cold to-night."

"Not too cold; I am burning with heat."

"Yes, your hands are feverish—mine are cool; let me try and make yours so."

My firm hold of her restless fingers seemed to still their nervous activity. Gradually, too, I drew the proud young head down on my shoulder, and my quietness before long was imparted to her by some electric influence, for the long lashes fell softly, darkening the violet tinge of shadow round her beautiful eyes; the pained expression faded, leaving only a sweet sadness that touched my very heart.

"What can have befallen dear Clara!" thought I. It was years since I had seen her a merry, winning child, giving promise then of rare charms of mind and person. Now I was taking her to my home at her express desire; for she wished to leave her guardian, and I was her nearest relative in the East. A long journey from her last home, under the care of a friend, had brought her to me, and we were now on our way to my country cottage. All day Clara had been rather fitful of manner, flashing out gayly at times as if determined to please me recalling the past, asking all kinds of questions, and proving that separation had not diminished her powers of affection. Toward evening she had hummed little snatches of song that proved to me the fine quality of her voice; but gradually her liveliness was abandoned, and I saw that with the blossoming of the stars "the forget-me-nots of the angels" in her breast had awakened some unknown sorrow.

She did not sleep long, for bending down toward her I found her bright eyes open wide and looking at me. It is my nature to long to relieve suffering whenever I can; a dumb animal, my dog Carlo limping in from the road runs at once to me, poking his cold nose in my hand and whining, knowing well that the sympathy he invokes is sure to come. How much more does human pain and sorrow command attention!

Gently kissing the ripe red lips which trembled at my pity, I bade Clara open her heart to me as she would have done to her mother. That word touched the chord which had been thrilling already with pain, tears like rain dashed down over the summer beauty of her face.

"Oh, if my mother had but lived I should have been spared all this!"

"Sorrow shared is half removed, my darling; tell me your grief, for I am to be your mother in future."

"It is a long, long story, beginning even when I was a child. Yes, even then I was the cause unwillingly of wrong, but I could not help it—I, an unconscious child, could I, Mary?"

"I am sure not, dear."

"You know my guardian had two sons, Leo and Wilbur: having no sister I was always their playfellow, and I am sure I loved them both as any sister would have done; but they were peculiar boys, both so proud in different ways. Wilbur is the younger, and when we were very young I think I liked him better than I did Leo—he was so chivalric, so boyishly gallant, and then, too, he was very handsome. But Leo was sterner, graver—he would not for worlds speak a word that even verged away from the truth, not to spare even me from a rebuke; while Wilbur would often give another aspect, a different coloring to little affairs to shield both of us; for we were often in mischief of the wildest kind. One evening we were upset in a little skiff on the lake through Leo's fault; that is, he was anxious to get home, and rather rashly tried to take us against too strong a breeze. We could all swim, I as well as they, and it did us no harm; so we, Wilbur and I, resolved to say nothing about it lest Mr. Minot should not let us go alone again, and we dearly loved our liberty; but Leo at once said he would have no such proceeding—he would tell his father, and take all the blame. Wilbur objected, saying it was very unnecessary and selfish in Leo; for we of course would have to suffer as well as he. At last they grew rather warm in their argument, and for days they hardly spoke to each other; for Leo did tell his father, and was not allowed to go as far on the lake in consequence for some time. I only tell you this, Mary, to let you know the spirit of their boyhood, for they are different now. Oh dear! I was sent to school as well as Leo and Wilbur, and we only met at vacations after that; but there was the same frank affection between us as ever, until one day, when I was about sixteen and they eighteen and twenty. Leo then was very manly, and his education had been very thorough, so that his conversations were really delightful; not pretentious, for he was too sensible and earnest for that, but so intelligent and interesting; his studies in natural history and his musical attainments made him a very agreeable companion. Of course I, as a mere school-girl, looked up to him as a model of sageness, and was flattered that he should talk to and reason with me as a sensible being. It was a lovely summer, and our rambles and picnics were frequent, for the house was filled with visitors; but though I love the woods and fields, I never have been able to conquer a nervous horror of reptiles, especially snakes; so that, if I can, I always go horseback on any excursion of pleasure. That day, however, we were all obliged to walk: we were going to see a picturesque rock which commanded a splendid view on the top of one of our hills. I, being very independent, refused any aid from Wilbur, who was devoted in his attentions, and seemed hurt at my refusal; but nothing, you know, so delights a school-girl as to be able to pique a handsome, gallant young chevalier. We sauntered slowly up, laughing and chatting, until, as I ventured to climb a loose stone, it gave way, nearly causing me to fall; at the same moment a horrid snake, black and venomous looking, slid from under it. Both Wilbur and Leo sprang to my assistance. I, with no thought but that of horror and danger, clung to Leo, nearly fainting in his arms. It was over in a moment, both my fright and faintness; but as I regained my presence of mind I met Wilbur's look. So intense was its meaning that I turned to avoid it. Anger, reproach, and jealousy were very legible; and his eyes never wavered in their gaze, but steadily burned into my very soul. Weakly foolish, I still staid by Leo; still suffered him to care for me, till at last Wilbur bounded off, and we saw him no more that day. Since then, in the last four years, I have been strangely in the power of Wilbur Minot. I can not explain to you, I fear, how strange has been his influence. Over and over again I have refused his love; over and over again shrunk from him with inexpressible repugnance. His character has developed in its way as Leo's has in a different one. Leo is still the same nobly truthful, earnest soul, and oh! so generous, so self-denying. But Wilbur is exacting and selfish; he has sworn, he said, that I should love him, and one moment he would almost win me by his extravagant tenderness, although I even feared that; the next he would be so fierce, so wild, that every vein of my being swelled in proud antagonism.

"In the beginning of the war Leo wanted to enlist, or enter the regular service, for which he was well qualified from his military education in Europe—for he was sent to Germany to school, returning regularly every vacation. But Mr. Minot refused decidedly for the present; he had other views for his son, and said that less brain and more muscle would serve the country quite as well. Wilbur argued entirely for the South; and, my dear cousin, you can hardly have an idea how bitter have been the separations in that part of the country caused by difference of opinion in families. Leo would not argue; he had enough discernment to perceive how useless it would be to do so. But Wilbur, in his fiery impetuosity, often sought to draw him into discussions. Once, after striving to prove to Leo the *right* of *wrong*, Wilbur came to me, declaring his brother was too cowardly to defend his side of the question. At that unfairness I was aroused, and said, with eagerness, that Leo was no coward. A new burst of jealous passion followed my words; and while I in vain tried to calm the tempest Leo came toward us. A new mode of torture suggested itself. Wilbur turned at once and told Leo I was dying of love for him; that his cruel coldness was steeling me to even his (Wilbur's) brotherly kindness. I felt my cheeks burn with blushes. I trembled with anger and wounded feeling. Wilbur went out of the house, and a torrent of tears came to my relief. Still Leo stood watching me calmly; surprised and cool, he seemed to me as utterly selfish as his brother. Too proud, too hurt to explain, with great effort I subdued my tears and rose to leave. To my utter amazement Leo would not let me; gently but forcibly he detained me. Not a breath of air came through the wide windows. Even the lace curtains seemed thick and heavy, while the scent of sweet flowers from the garden was almost noxious. All the room was densely silent; the bronzes seemed like dark spirits watching us. Every little ornament and pretty trifle assumed a grave importance, as if the hour of destiny, of fate were weighing even on them.

"'Stay, Clara; I know now, I see it all.'

"'What do you know and see, Leo?' I said, in reply—'only an angry, weak, ridiculous girl.'

"'No, dear child,' he said, in the saddest tenderness, taking both my hands in his.

"'I saw, I suppose, a lover's quarrel. Wilbur must not be jealous of me. I shall go and leave you to him, but I can not be so unselfish as not to tell you, darling, how hard it is for me, how long I have loved you—from the tiny girl, whose little tired limbs have often rested in my arms, till now, no longer a pretty plaything, but a beautiful, trusting, thoughtful woman.'

"I must repeat his words just as he spoke them, Mary— He went on:

"'It is very sad, but not strange, Clara, darling, that we should both have loved you, both Wilbur and I. This is life, with its chances and changes,' he murmured thoughtfully; then, with almost Wilbur's passion, he clasped me in his arms, calling me the tenderest of pet names, and bade me a long good-by. It was over so quickly, he spoke so hopelessly, as if my love were Wilbur's entirely, that I hardly could persuade myself that it had all happened. I staid alone in the parlor nearly unconscious, my nerves all unstrung, not daring to think, to look in my own heart and find its bitterness full to overflowing. Struggling to call Leo back and tell him I loved him and not Wilbur, then remembering how terrible a brother's quarrel would be I dared not. Oh dear! if I could have died at that moment, I thought, it would have been better for all; but one can not avoid pain and suffering in life by wishing for death. I went to my room and staid there; a headache indeed kept me in it for two days; meanwhile word was brought me that Leo had enlisted and was already gone to the war. It was impossible for me not to feel that I was the cause of Mr. Minot's grief at Leo's going—the innocent, and Wilbur the guilty cause; so, dear cousin, I wrote to have you take me away—I could not live in so much unhappiness. To-day, before we started, a long letter came from Wilbur, telling me that if I do not at once decide his fate for him he will enter the rebel service; then, indeed, the brothers may meet. What shall I, what can I do?"

I kissed the fair temples throbbing with excitement, and told Clara she must be true to herself and trust the consequence with God—that she must not for a moment waver in telling Wilbur the truth. We soon after reached the landing and drove through the cool night-air to my little cottage, where I ensconced Clara safely in my rose-leaf room—my best little nook, all pink lined and inviting. I was glad the poor child had told me her sorrow, for I could see the way clearer than she could; my faith is strong, and I believe in right prevailing. I was sure she had suffered enough through that dreadful Wilbur Minot, and my resolve was taken, if I can do any thing she shall suffer no more.

Early after breakfast next morning Clara came to my room looking very sad, but very firm. Her cheeks had lost their delicate color, and her forehead and temples seemed whiter than ever for the resolve that sat on them. She had in her hand an open letter, which she gave me to read.

It was a conclusive, final, binding promise to Wilbur Minot that she would become his wife.

"But, Clara," I remonstrated, "you do not love him."

My young cousin came swiftly toward me, and placed her hand playfully over my lips.

"Hush, dear; forget all that. I have thought all night long, and this is the result. Do not try to shake me."

"Clara, Clara, I thought you braver!"

She shuddered a little, and grew more white and still.

"Why *do* you act thus, Clara?" I asked.

"Because—I love Leo!"

I saw she was deluded, that by a strange sophistry she believed it would be better for Leo for her to prevent any possibility of the brothers meeting on the battle-field, and, making a Juggernaut of this mistaken duty, she threw herself beneath its wheels.

Folding the letter in its envelope, stamping it all ready for the post, I laid it on my table. Farther reasoning would but pain her; summoning my generals (of reflection), I determined upon a strategic movement.

"Come, dear," I said, "we will walk now. Your letter can not go to-day; we will leave it until to-morrow."

Clara looked thankfully relieved. We walked, but talked very little. Our meals that day were very trifling affairs. Clara's appetite was bird-like. I, absorbed in strategy, could I eat?

The next day—oh, wickedness of duplicity!—letters went—one to Mr. Wilbur Minot, one to Mr., Captain, or Colonel (I hardly know which) Leo Minot. Again we walked, and talked more; but Clara, darling! was still calm and pale with the long struggle, the hard sacrifice her decision had cost her. It was lovely weather until the second week after our arrival. Then the rain poured in torrents, and I had to stop gardening. Clara, too, had found the little rose-leaf room a safe retreat. Pale and weak, she lay tranquilly among the pillows. "Only tired," she said. I know she would like to have added,

"I am aweary, aweary,
Oh would that I were dead!"

In the midst of the weeping rain came news of battle, and I, with hasty eagerness, ran up with my packet of papers to Clara's room. We both devoured them. One little sob, and Clara sank back on her pillow quite unconscious. Among the wounded—some mortally—was Leo Minot's name!

It was not long before letters came which retouched the pink of pale cheeks and lips. Still all was silent from Wilbur.

A strange way of looking at me Clara fell into, a questioning, singular way, especially when I was off my guard. I, with graceful ungracefulness of ease, pretended to be unconscious. Still, as letters came, again and again, which brought a strange flush of blushes, equal to my summer roses, and a flood of tear-drops bright as the dew on the roses, and smiles like the sun beaming on the dew, what was I left to imagine?

I was tranquilly curling my hair before my toilet-glass one afternoon, and Clara, whose affairs we never mentioned now, was reading aloud to me out of that pleasant old (?) book of Miss Mitford's, whose maiden, rural life is my model, when my maid came up and laid a card on my table. I glanced at it, and told Clara to do the same. As she did so, with quick, flushing surprise, she spied in my half-open writing-desk before me another name, equally familiar if not as pleasant. She paused in extreme astonishment.

"Why, Cousin Mary!"

"Well, child?"

"Here is my letter to Wilbur, which you have never sent!"

"I sent a letter to Wilbur."

"But not this one."

"No; and I sent one to Leo; and if he is down stairs why do you not fly to meet him, poor wounded soldier that he is?"

"Oh! oh! oh! Cousin Mary! how could you be so deceitful?"

"I was strategic, child. Go down, I tell you, and see Leo."

My plan succeeded.

I was bridemaid, groomsman, matron of our little wedding feast, and giver-away of the bride, all in one.

As for Wilbur—poor Wilbur!—he is in the rebel army, as I was quite sure he would be.

WOUNDED.

"SIX hundred and forty-three wounded!"

"If that were all!" My wife spoke in a sad voice. "If that were all!"

"The return is given as complete," I said, referring again to the newspaper which I held in my hand. "One hundred and forty-one killed, and six hundred and forty-three wounded."

"A fearful list, but it is not all," my wife answered. Her tones were even sadder than at first. "A great many more were wounded—a great many more."

"But this is an official return, signed by the commanding general."

"And so far, doubtless, correct. But from every battle-field go swift-winged messengers that kill or wound at a thousand miles instead of a thousand paces; bullets invisible to mortal eyes that pierce loving hearts. Of the dead and wounded from these we have no report. They are casualties not spoken of by our commanding generals."

I had not thought of this; or, at least, not with any realizing sense of what it involved. My wife resumed:

"Let us take the matter home. We have a son in the army. The ball that strikes him strikes us. If in that list of killed and wounded we had found his name, would there have been no bayonet point or shattering bullet in our flesh? I shiver at the thought. Ah, these invisible messengers of pain and death wound often deeper than iron and lead!"

As she thus spoke my eyes were resting on the

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* AN UNCLAIMED BODY.

Who has lost a friend? Some ten days ago there was left on the wharf at this place a pine coffin-case, without any direction, containing a very nice mahogany coffin, inclosing the corpse of a young man apparently wounded in the head. It is now interred near the Fort. Information may be had concerning it of Edwin Smith, in charge of the wharf, or R. Wakeman, Port Deposit, Maryland.

official list, and I saw the name of a friend. An ejaculation of surprise dropped from my lips.

"What?" My startled wife grew slightly pale.

"Harley is wounded!"

"Oh dear!" The pallor increased, and she laid her hand over her heart—a sign that she felt pain there. "Badly?" She tried to steady her voice.

"A ball through his chest. Not set down as dangerous, however."

"Poor Anna! What sad tidings for her!" My wife arose. "I must go to her immediately."

"Do so," I answered.

Soon afterward we went out together; I to my office, and she to visit the wife of our wounded friend.

It is strange how little those who are not brought into the actual presence of death and disaster on the battle-field realize their appalling nature. We read of the killed and wounded, and sum up the figures as coldly, almost, as if the statistics were simply commercial. We talk of our losses as indifferently as if men were crates and bales. I do not except myself. Sometimes I feel as though all sensibility, all sympathy for human suffering, had died out of my heart. It is, perhaps, as well. If we perceived to the full extent the terrible reality of things, we would be in half-paralyzed states, instead of continuing our useful employments by which the common good is served. We can not help the suffering nor heal the wounded by our mental pain. But let us see to it that through lack of pain we fail not in ministration to the extent of our ability.

When I met my wife at dinner-time her face was paler than when I parted with her in the morning. I saw that she had been suffering, while I, intent for hours upon my work, had half forgotten my two wounded friends—Harley and his wife; one pierced by a visible, and the other by an invisible bullet.

"Did you see Anna?" I asked.

"Yes."

"How is she?"

"Calm, but hurt very deeply. She only had the news this morning."

"Is she going to him?"

"There has not been time to decide what is best. Her husband's brother is here, and will get as much information by telegraph to-day as it is possible to receive. To-night or to-morrow he will leave for the battle-field. Anna may go with him."

"She appeared to be hurt deeply, you say?"

"Yes," replied my wife; "and was in most intense pain. Every line in her face exhibited suffering. One hand was pressed all the while tightly over her heart."

"What did she say?"

"Not much. She seemed looking into the distance and trying to make out things seen but imperfectly. If he were to die I think it would kill her."

"Two deaths by the same bullet," I said, my thought recurring to our morning conversation.

In the evening I called with my wife to see Mrs. Harley. A telegram had been received stating that her husband's wound, though severe, was not considered dangerous. The ball had been extracted, and he was reported to be doing well. She was going to leave in the night train with her brother-in-law, and would be with her husband in the quickest time it was possible to make. How a few hours of suffering had changed her! The wound was deep and very painful.

It was nearly two months before Harley was sufficiently recovered to be removed from the hospital. His wife had been permitted to see him every day, and to remain in attendance on him for a greater part of the time.

"Did you know that Mr. Harley and his wife were at home?" said I, on coming in one day.

"No. When did they arrive?" was the answer and inquiry.

"This morning. I heard it from Harley's brother."

"How are they?" asked my wife.

"He looks as well as ever, I am told, though still suffering some from his wound; but she is miserable, Mr. Harley says."

A shadow fell over my wife's face, and she sighed heavily. "I was afraid of that," she said. "I knew she was hurt badly. Flesh wounds close readily, but spirit wounds are difficult to heal. These invisible bullets are almost sure to reach some vital part."

I met Mr. Harley not long afterward in company with his wife. His eyes were bright, his lips firm, his cheeks flushed with health. You saw scarcely a sign of what he had endured. He talked in a brave, soldierly manner, and was anxious for the time to come when the surgeon would pronounce him in a condition to join his regiment. His wound, when referred to, evidently gave him more pleasure than pain. It was a mark of distinction—a sign that he had offered even life for his country.

How different with Mrs. Harley! It touched you to look into her dreamy, absent eyes, on her patient lips and exhausted countenance.

"She has worn herself out in nursing me," said her husband, in answer to a remark on her appearance. He looked at her tenderly, and with just a shade of anxiety in his face. Was the truth not plain to him? Did he not know that she had been wounded also? That two balls left the rifle when he was struck, one of them reaching to his distant home?

"In three weeks I hope to be in the field again, and face to face with the enemy." He spoke with the ardor of a strong desire, his eyes bright, and his face in a glow—wounding, and the pain of wounding all forgotten. But another's eyes became dim as his brightened—another's cheeks paled as his grew warm. I saw the tears shining as Mrs. Harley answered, in an unsteady voice,

"I am neither brave enough nor strong enough for a soldier's wife."

She had meant to say more, as was plain from her manner, but could not trust herself.

"Oh, yes you are, brave enough and strong enough," replied Mr. Harley, with animation. "Not every one could have moved so calmly amidst the dreadful scenes of a camp hospital after a battle. I watched you often, and felt proud of you."

"If she had not been wounded also—" my wife began; but Mr. Harley interrupted her with the ejaculation,

"Wounded!" in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, wounded," resumed my wife; "and, as now appears, nearer the seat of vitality than you were. Did you not know this before, Mr. Harley?"

My friend was perplexed for a little while. He could not get down at once to my wife's meaning.

"When you were struck she was struck also."

"Oh yes!" Light broke in upon Mr. Harley. He turned quickly toward his wife, and saw in her face what had been unseen before, the wasting and exhaustion that come only from deep-seated pain. He had thought the paleness of her countenance, the weakness that made her step slow and cautious, only the result of overtaxed muscles and nerves. But he knew better now.

"I didn't think of that," he said, with visible anxiety, as he gazed into his wife's countenance. "Our wounds, so ghastly to the eyes, often get no deeper than the flesh and bone. The pain is short, and nature comes quickly to the work of cure with all her healing energies. We suffer for a while, and then it is over. We are strong and ready for the conflict again."

"But," said my wife, "into the homes that stand far away from battle-fields come swift-winged messengers that wound and kill as surely as iron hail. They strike mothers, wives, sisters—some with death wounds, all with the anguish of vital pain. Alas for these wounded! The healing, if it follows, is never, as the surgeons say, by first intention, but always slow, and often through abscess and ulceration. The larger number never entirely recover. They may linger for years, but do not lose the marks of suffering."

A long silence followed. There were others present who, like Mr. Harley, had never thought of this. I noticed that for the hour we remained together he was tenderer toward his wife, and more than once I saw him looking at her, while she was not observing him, with a troubled countenance. He did not again speak of the early period at which he expected to join his regiment.

On the day following another long list of killed and wounded was given to the public. As I read over the names and counted the numbers my thought came back from bloody field and suffering hospital. "These are not all," I said. "Alas! not all. The ball struck twice, thrice; sometimes oftener. There is pain, there is anguish, there is wounding even unto death, in many, many homes within a thousand miles of that gory place. Some are alone and neglected—dying on their battle-field with none to put even a cup of water to their lips—some are with loving friends who yet fail to stanch the flow of blood, or bandage the shattered limb—some cover their wounds, hiding them from all eyes, and bear the pain in chosen solitude. The sum of all this agony, who shall give it?"

Our wounded! If you would find them all you must look beyond the hospitals. They are not every one bearded and in male attire. There sat beside you, in the car just now, a woman. You scarcely noticed her. She left at the corner below. There was not much life in her face; her steps, as they rested on the pavement, were slow. She has been wounded, and is dying. Did you notice Mrs. D—— in church last Sunday? "Yes; and now I remember that she was pale, and had an altered look." One of our wounded! Do you see a face at the window? "In the marble-front house." Yes. "It is sad enough, what in-looking eyes!" Wounded! Ah, Sir, they are every where about us. Already from over a hundred battle-fields and skirmishing-grounds have been such missives as pain and death. They have penetrated unguarded homes in every city, town, and neighborhood of our once happy and peaceful country, wounding the beloved ones left there in hoped-for security. For such there is balm only in Gilead—God is their physician.

FLIRTS.

WHEN Bachelor Kings and Celebrated Friendships have found a chronicler, we wonder it has not occurred to any member of the fair sex to take for her theme Illustrious and Historical Flirtations. A very readable book in one volume might be produced on the subject. There is a whole host of eminent flirts about whom a great deal might be written. The relations which existed between Queen Elizabeth and half her young courtiers, and the Lords Leicester and Essex in particular, would afford materials for an interesting chapter. Then there is Dr. Johnson and the fair Thrale; Horace Walpole and Hannah More; George Whitfield and "good Lady Huntingdon;" Fanny Burney and her perpetual love passages with the King's equerries, all evolved out of her own internal consciousness. If another royal flirt were wanted there would be Marie Antoinette to descant about, or the romantic story of the third George and Lady Sarah Lennox might be inserted. The chronic flirtation between Chateaubriand and Madame Recamier, and the meteoric one between Madame de Staël and Sir James Mackintosh, would be equally attractive subjects for the pen, and might bring the volume to a brilliant close.

As so many of the great and wise have been addicted to flirtation, we are justified in inquiring in what the act of flirting consists. Nothing is more common than to be told that a certain lady or gentleman of our acquaintance is a terrible flirt. A vague prejudice against that person is thereupon generated in our well-regulated mind. We should be puzzled to say why, for the charge is often idly hazarded and very imperfectly understood. When alleged of the male sex, it is assumed to mean something volatile, selfish, and anti-matrimonial. And yet it is often unfairly imputed to a man whose intentions are, in a general way, most loyally hymeneal. He is called a flirt merely because, in female company, he institutes that sort of preliminary examination without which none of the common bargains of everyday life are concluded, and ventures to put a possible wife through her paces. He has, of course, his own tastes, his own views of married bliss. He is on the look-out for sympathy, whether in a love of Tennyson's poetry or of batter-pudding. How can he ascertain whether he has found the article he wants except by drawing his fair companion into some sequestered corner of the *salon*, out of the range of the sleepless dowager eye, and testing her capacities and aptitudes—whether she be sentimental or culinary, the disciple of the Muses or Francatelli? For this reasonable precaution he pays dearly in reputation. But if his case be hard, that of a young lady is often much harder. She is liable to be branded as a flirt if she dances twice at a ball with the same partner, although that partner may be the only man she knows in the room, or the only coadjutor with whom she can perform without detriment to her skirts. She is a flirt, in the eyes of her fair friends at least, if her tastes naturally throw her into the society of men, if she be fond of hunting or yachting, if she include in her vocabulary a piece of slang caught from her Eton brother, if she be lavish in the distribution of her *carte de visite*. She is a flirt in the eyes of every mother in May Fair but her own if she goes down to supper on the arm of any young man of good fortune. She is a flirt if she be pretty, gushing, or talkative. In short, unless she subsides into an inanimate lump of insipidity and conventionalism, she will be pronounced wanting in maidenly reserve in some quarter or other by a jury of British matrons.

But though the term is often loosely and indiscriminately applied, it has a definite meaning. We flirt when we consciously convey to the mind of a person of the opposite sex the assurance that his or her society is peculiarly agreeable to us. This is done in a variety of ways. A look, a word, a gesture, is enough to carry the flattering conviction to the breast of our companion. It needs no Forster to decipher the characters inscribed on the flirt's brow. One who dances may read—"I think you charming, and I like this conversation immensely!" The media by which a flirtation is conducted are multiform, and it is in the selection of the most effective that real skill is shown. Flirting operations are usually carried on under a cloud of small-talk. The art consists in infusing into this a tone of delicate flattery and covert admiration. To ask a fair Belgravian whether she has been to the opera or the International Exhibition argues an innocence worthy of Adam before the Fall; but to supplement such a commonplace by feigning an anxiety to know her favorite picture or opera, proves that you have at least some rudimentary notion of the way to flirt. Flirting is essentially an artificial and exotic accomplishment. It implies an advanced stage of civilization. It is one of its redeeming features that it involves a considerable refinement of manners. It derives its food and sustenance from the accessories and embellishments of social life. Pictures, music, books, theatres—these are the food on which flirtations are nourished. If it were not for these, our tender looks and pretty nothings would soon languish and die. There is no flirting, properly so called, among the lower classes. There is a vanishing point in the social scale beyond which the phenomenon disappears. "Keeping company" is by no means an analogous institution—it means much more, or much less. There is nothing in the advances made by Betsy Jane to her life-guardsman which savors of flirtation. Her admiration is far too evident and open-mouthed. The element of reserve and restraint is wholly wanting. She has no buffer, in the shape of chit-chat conversation, to interpose between her own addiction to a red coat and the ardor of her military admirer. She has none of the machinery for keeping him at a certain distance. The struggle for existence to which Corydon is exposed, and the constant toil of his life, leave no time for flirting with Phyllis. He casts sheep's-eyes on her, and some day or other "gets married;" but without any of those innocuous preliminary processes with which we are familiar in drawing-room life. There is another point to notice. So far as unmarried ladies are concerned flirting is almost a national characteristic. It is one of the few words expressive of any phase of the tender passion with which we have enriched the French language. We do not mean that all English maidens have a tendency to flirt, but that out of England the conditions of girlhood are so different, and its restraints so multiplied, that there is no opportunity for flirtation. In France a woman can not flirt until after marriage. The liberty which the youthful female subject of Queen Victoria enjoys has its evil as well as its good.

There are many classes of the genus flirt. The two principal are the flirt intellectual and the flirt sentimental. The first is a rarer, and decidedly nobler specimen of the family. In so far as the subject-matter over which she flirts is superior to that which is the staple of her feebler sister, she herself may be considered superior to the latter. Science, literature, and agreeable conversation furnish a more valid excuse for flirting than vapid scandal and watery sentiment. Miss Minerva certainly devotes herself too much to the young poet; but then genius is an object which deserves to be courted. It is a pity, perhaps, that she talks quite so long or so often with the distinguished African traveler, but it is the thirst for information which keeps her at his side. When she makes a dead set at the Sydney Smith of the day, it is to enjoy his *bon mots*, and afterward record them in her diary. Her interest in photography is something more than a pretext for open-air flirtation. If she dabbles in botany or geology, it is not a mere lure for botanical or geological eldest sons. Even if it were, such means would, to some extent, justify the end, for, as an Enfield rifle is superior to a broomstick, so hammer, lenses, and chemicals are worthier weapons for the conquest of a husband than languishing looks and idle babble. There is no similarly redeeming feature about the flirt sentimental. She is altogether a poor creature. Her only idea of business is to trade in a weak manner upon her own feelings. She is full of secrets and trivial confidences. She is always submitting small metaphysical problems to the consideration of her male acquaintance. She has a perennial supply of petty cases of conscience to lay before her mustached confessors. Will Captain Jones tell her whether she is very wrong to prefer her friends to her relatives, Gregorian chants to Anglican, a Hansom cab to a four-wheeler? Does he agree with her that it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all? Can he explain why she is never merry when she hears sweet music? All which queries the gallant captain is as competent to answer as to write a treatise on the origin of evil or the topography of the moon. A married flirt of this type may safely go further, and pass herself off as a blighted being. For her the world is an arid desert, in which she is ever yearning for sympathy. Fixing her melancholy stag-like eyes on yours, she darkly hints that her home is not happy, that she is not appreciated, that she has been the victim of some foul parental conspiracy. The only compensation for all this is a train of youthful adorers. If the truth were known, her marriage would probably turn out to have been mercenary; but simply because, much as she craves for sympathy, she craved more for a splendid establishment.

We have only one other species to particularize—the religious or philanthropic flirt. No one can have watched the relations which exist between the bachelor curate and his flock without becoming conscious of her existence. On the celibacy of the clergy depends, we fear, even in Protestant England, a great part of the organization of the parish. That female enthusiasm which finds its expression in the votive slipper languishes and dies in presence of the curate whose quiver is full. With the failure of the slipper-crop comes the collapse of the Dorcas meetings, a slackening in the efforts of Scripture-readers, a painful indifference to district visiting. Those errands of charity which somehow or other used generally to lead past the Rev. Cyril's door are discontinued. No more delicious *tête-à-têtes* in his study, for the purpose of reclaiming Biddy Brown from the snare of the Ranters. No more blending of soprano voices with his cathedral tenor at the Choral Union. Not that the minor luminary of the parochial system monopolizes the attention of the serious flirt. If the rector be a pet preacher he comes in for a full share. Upon the school-inspector, at his annual visit, she opens her batteries with tremendous effect. What a pretty timidity she manifests at his presence, and how multifarious the points on which she wants his advice! What a flutter of gratification when the dear creature takes up the needlework, and says something oracular about the button-holes! But the greatest prize of all is a real live missionary. If he is black, so much the better. She hangs on his tales of moving incident like another Desdemona. She is never tired of hearing from his lips about Abbeokouta and the King of Dahomey. In short, she is, within certain limits, very catholic in her flirting propensities. She does not scruple to indulge them whenever she finds a man who may be fairly considered to be doing good in his generation.

Space does not permit us to dwell on all the subordinate varieties of our subject, else we might notice the vista for flirtation opened up by what are called female accomplishments, and point out how art, and music, and languages have respectively their exponent flirt. Or we might attempt a classification according to temper and manners, and contrast the boisterous flirt with the demure—the rattle with the "sly puss." We have a few words to say, in conclusion, applicable to the whole family. It is from no wish to spoil the sport of any of our fair friends, proceeding just now so merrily in the *salons* of the metropolis that we venture to remark that all flirting on the part of a woman involves, in greater or less degree, a want of self-respect. It is an admission of weakness—an invitation to a man to say what he pleases with impunity. The flirt quits, as it were, her intrenchments to go forth in quest of adventure. Thrown among the kindly and chivalrous, she fares well enough; but kindness and chivalry are not universal, and woe to her if she some day fall in with a partner "flown with insolence and wine," or arouse the malignant tongue of a jealous wife. It is as well to remember that the Rubicon which divides the aggravated flirtation from the indiscretion, if it be deep, is also narrow. But, worse than a fault, flirting is in nine cases out of ten, so far as the matrimonial chance is concerned, a blunder. In the tenth, it is successful only because the flirt is clever, or the flirtee silly. Of this we are very sure, that no woman should venture to flirt unless possessed of considerable strength of mind or force of character. Giddy heights require steady heads. When Opie was asked by a flippant youth what he mixed his colors with, he replied, gruffly, "With brains, Sir." Young ladies should abstain from flirting unless they use the same recipe. After all, in a social point of view, the flirt is much more pleasant than the prude. There is no greater infliction than to have to do the agreeable to a woman who is perpetually standing on the defensive—who, when you sit down to talk, increases the distance between your chair and her own, and who looks as if she expected every moment that you were about to say or do some horrid thing. As well might you attempt a few amiable passages with a hedgehog. The more airy and unembarrassed your tone, the more she seems to bristle with precaution. Your sprightly nonsense is received with evident suspicion, your innocent sallies with uneasiness. You begin to think, from the half-frightened expression of your companion's face, that your looks must be flustered, your language intemperate, and that you have more of the Lothario in your outer man than you were ever aware of. Either you are annoyed, or tempted to amuse yourself by shocking in good earnest such sensitive propriety. Then, and not before, you mentally acknowledge the debt of gratitude which society owes to the flirt.

MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER.

GENERAL BUTLER'S magnificent success at New Orleans justifies us in reproducing his Portrait, and we give it accordingly.

Mr. Butler was born at Deerfield, Rockingham County, New Hampshire, in 1818, and is consequently forty-three years old. One of his ancestors was a Cilley—one of the truest Revolutionary stock in New England—and the subject of this biography was related to the lamented Jonathan Cilley, who was killed in the duel with Graves of Kentucky. Mr. Butler received his collegiate education at Waterville, Maine, where the Baptist denomination have a flourishing literary institution. He studied law, and took up his residence at Lowell, Massachusetts, where he soon distinguished himself as an advocate in the courts of Middlesex County. His reputation was soon extended to Boston, and he has long held a prominent position in the Massachusetts bar, whether in the courts of the State or of the General Government. As an advocate he is distinguished by the energy with which he devotes himself to his client, and by the strong, playful, and sometimes vehement language hurled against opposing counsel.

He has always been a prominent politician of the extreme wing of the Democracy, and has been in a number of political positions in his adopted State. He was a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives for the first time in 1853, was a member of the Constitutional Convention the same year, and was Senator for Middlesex in 1859–'60. In May, 1860, he was senatorial delegate to the Democratic Convention in Charleston, and afterward at Baltimore. He sided with the Breckinridge faction, and upon his return home was nominated by that portion the Democratic party candidate for Governor. He was one of the first to respond to the proclamation of President Lincoln calling for volunteers; and his subsequent services have made him, as a patriotic and as an energetic officer, dear to the loyal people of the United States.

MAJOR-GENERAL BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, COMMANDING DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF.

The correspondent of the *Herald* thus described the performance of General Butler at the outbreak of the war:

General Butler, with a single Massachusetts regiment, the Eighth, marched from his own State, through six other States, and into Maryland, embarked on board a steamer, and landed in what was then considered the enemy's country, and took possession of Annapolis and held it.

The War Department, appreciating this bold movement, immediately created the new Department of Annapolis, which extended to within seven miles of the Federal capital, and also on the east included Baltimore city, and made General Butler commander of the same. He proceeded to reconstruct locomotives, build bridges, and make railroads. He pushes on toward Baltimore, fortifies himself at the Relay House with the Sixth Massachusetts and Eighth New York regiments and Cook's Boston Battery, controlling the great channel of communication between the rebels at Harper's Ferry and those in Baltimore. He sends out his scouts, seizes the famous steam-gun and turns it upon the enemy; and with the same Massachusetts regiment that the rebels of Baltimore stoned three weeks previous, accompanied by Cook's Boston Battery and the New York Eighth, he marches into Baltimore, fortifies himself upon the highest point of land overlooking the whole city, issues his proclamation giving protection to all loyalists, and announcing his ultimatum to all traitors, seizes arms, arrests traitors, and marches through the streets escorted by the single company of the gallant Massachusetts Sixth, which received the severest treatment from the mob three weeks before. He does all this before the Pennsylvania troops that were at Cockeyville, within fifteen miles of Baltimore, three weeks ago, reach the city or afford him any support. This is history; and truly General Butler has made a brilliant campaign.

General Butler was afterward appointed to the command at Fortress Monroe. It was while he was there that the unfortunate affair at Great Bethel took place, and he was soon afterward superseded by General Wool. He then received the command of the expedition against New Orleans. The fighting was done by the time he got there; but his civil administration has been worthy of all praise.

We wish to place on record a charming illustration of his style of managing an impertinent consul:

The Acting British Consul had written to protest against his treatment of some British subjects. General Butler replies:

HEAD-QUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
NEW ORLEANS, *May* 11, 1862.

SIR,—I have your communication of May 8. With its evasions of fact I have nothing to do. A plain statement of the matter is this: A number of residents of this city, who have enjoyed the protection and advantages of the United States Government in their large trade and property for many years (some of them more than a decade), and now claiming to have been born subjects of her Majesty Queen Victoria, organized themselves into a military body, known as the "British Guard," and, armed, uniformed, and equipped, patrolled the streets till the fleet of the United States had the city under its guns. This body then, after a discussion in presence of its captain and at least one other officer, at eleven o'clock at night, deliberately voted in an organized meeting to send the arms and uniforms of the company to the army of the rebel General Beauregard, which vote was carried into effect by sending to the rebels substantially all the arms, uniforms, and equipments in their armory. This transaction was concealed from me for some days. I then sent for Captain Burrows, and he acknowledged the facts materially as above stated. In this flagrant breach of the laws of nations, of the United States, your Queen's proclamation, and the laws of God, I directed him to order his company to leave the city within twenty-four hours. To this he objected, saying, among other things, that this would be punishing the innocent with the guilty, as there were some members absent at the time of the vote; that each soldier of the Guard owned his arms and uniform as private property, and it would be hard to compel those to leave the city who still retained their arms and uniforms, and did not concur in the vote. I then modified the order, directing those to report to me who still retained their arms and uniforms—all others, having forfeited all rights of neutrality and hospitality, to leave the city within twenty-four hours, or I should have them arrested and sent to Fort Jackson as dangerous and inimical persons. These people thought it of consequence that Beauregard should have sixty more uniforms and rifles. I thought it of the same consequence that he should have sixty more of these faithless men, who may fill them if they choose. I intended this order to be strictly enforced. I am content for the present to suffer open enemies to remain in the city of their nativity, but law-defying and treacherous alien enemies shall not.

* * * * * *

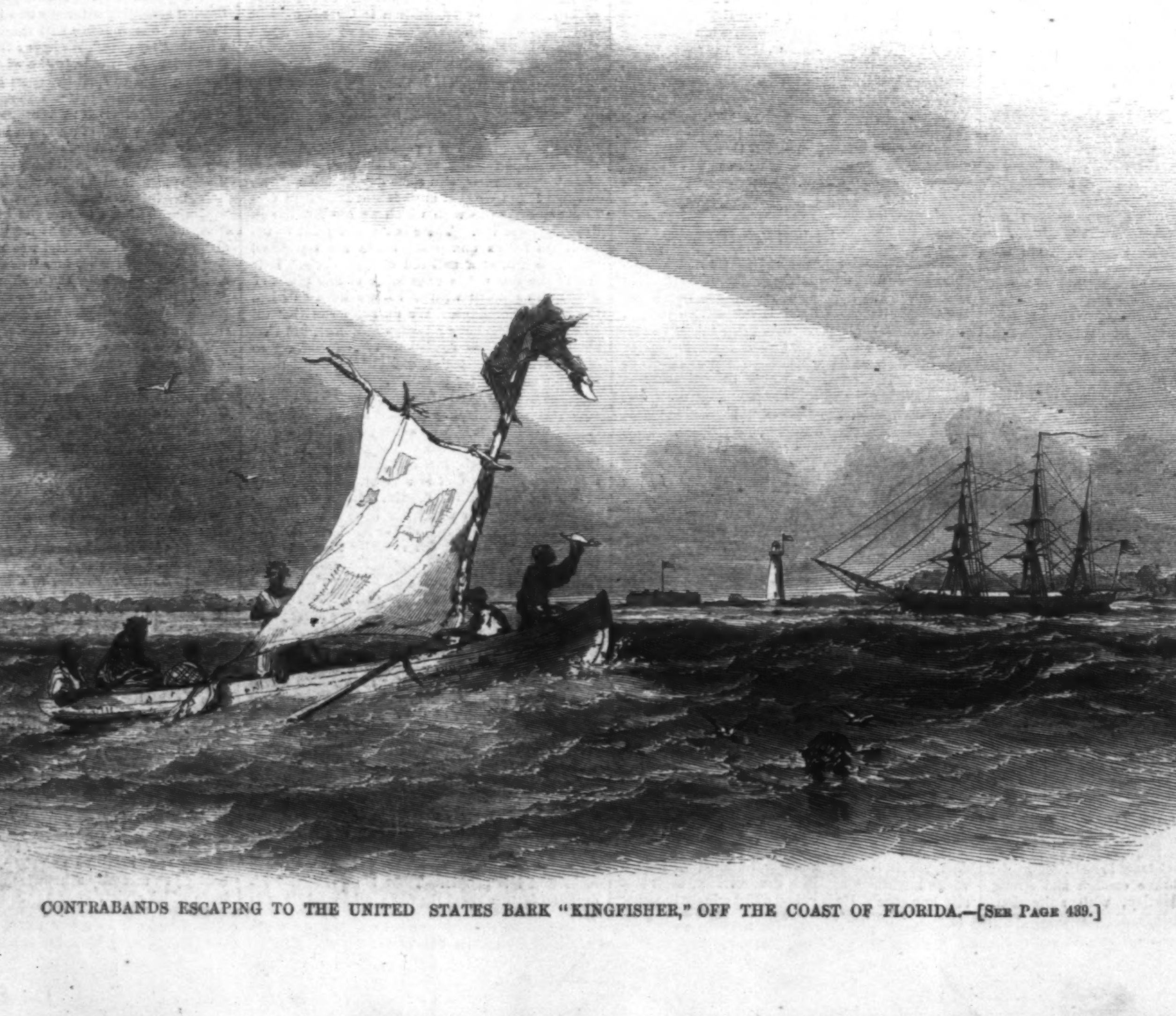
Thus far you will do me the honor to observe that I have treated your communication as if it emanated from the duly authorized Consul of her Majesty's Government at this port. The respect I feel for that Goverment leads me to err, if at all, upon the side of recognition of all its claims, and those of its officers; but I take leave to call your attention to the fact that you subscribed yourself "Her Britannic Majesty's Acting Consul," and that I have received no official information of any right which you may have so to act, except your acts alone; and pardon me if I err in saying that your acts in that behalf which have come to my knowledge have not been of such character as to induce the belief on my part that you rightfully represent that noble Government. I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

BENJ. F. BUTLER,
Major-General Commanding.

To GEO. C. COPPELL, acting as her Majesty's Consul at the port of New Orleans, Louisiana.

Apropos of the threats which have been so freely uttered in the Southern newspapers and elsewhere to assassinate the General, the *Herald* correspondent says, in a late letter:

He rides about among the people as freely as if he was their peculiar favorite. On Sunday afternoon he started with his staff, after five o'clock, and rode to Carrollton, a distance of eight miles. They did not leave there to return until after seven o'clock, arriving at the St. Charles a little before nine. A large part of the road is through a piece of woods, where a skulking foe might have fired upon the party from ambush. The General says, in reference to the possibility of assassination, with which he is constantly threatened through anonymous letters, "If they do it, it will only place General Phelps in command; and if they are satisfied with that arrangement I have nothing to say."



CONTRABANDS ESCAPING TO THE UNITED STATES BARK "KINGFISHER," OFF THE COAST OF FLORIDA.—[SEE PAGE 439.]

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN POPE, COMMANDING THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA.—[SEE PAGE 439.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER III.

"MISS GARTH, Sir," said Mrs. Lecount, opening the parlor door and announcing the visitor's appearance with the tone and manner of a well-bred servant.

Magdalen found herself in a long, narrow room, consisting of a back parlor and a front parlor, which had been thrown into one by opening the folding-doors between them. Seated not far from the front window, with his back to the light, she saw a frail, flaxen-haired, self-satisfied little man, clothed in a fair white dressing-gown, many sizes too large for him, with a nosegay of violets drawn neatly through the button-hole over his breast. He looked from thirty to five-and-thirty years old. His complexion was as delicate as a young girl's, his eyes were of the lightest blue, his upper lip was adorned by a weak little white mustache, waxed and twisted at either end into a thin spiral curl. When any object specially attracted his attention he half closed his eyelids to look at it. When he smiled, the skin at his temples crumpled itself up into a nest of wicked little wrinkles. He had a plate of strawberries on his lap, with a napkin under them to preserve the purity of his white dressing-gown. At his right hand stood a large round table, covered with a collection of foreign curiosities, which seemed to have been brought together from the four quarters of the globe. Stuffed birds from Africa, porcelain monsters from China, silver ornaments and utensils from India and Peru, mosaic work from Italy, and bronzes from France, were all heaped together, pell-mell, with the coarse deal boxes and dingy leather cases which served to pack them for traveling. The little man apologized, with a cheerful and simpering conceit, for his litter of curiosities, his dressing-gown, and his delicate health; and waving his hand toward a chair, placed his attention, with pragmatical politeness, at the visitor's disposal. Magdalen looked at him with a momentary doubt whether Mrs. Lecount had not deceived her. Was this the man who mercilessly followed the path on which his merciless father had walked before him? She could hardly believe it. "Take a seat, Miss Garth," he repeated. Observing her hesitation, and announcing his own name, in a high, thin, fretfully-consequential voice: "I am Mr. Noel Vanstone. You wished to see me—here I am!"

"May I be permitted to retire, Sir?" inquired Mrs. Lecount.

"Certainly not!" replied her master. "Stay here, Lecount, and keep us company. Mrs. Lecount has my fullest confidence," he continued, addressing Magdalen. "Whatever you say to me, ma'am, you say to her. She is a domestic treasure. There is not another house in England has such a treasure as Mrs. Lecount."

The housekeeper listened to the praise of her domestic virtues with eyes immovably fixed on her elegant chemisette. But Magdalen's quick penetration had previously detected a look that passed between Mrs. Lecount and her master, which suggested that Mr. Noel Vanstone had been instructed beforehand what to say and do in his visitor's presence. The suspicion of this—and the obstacles which the room presented to arranging her position in it so as to keep her face from the light—warned Magdalen to be on her guard.

She had taken her chair at first nearly midway in the room. An instant's after-reflection induced her to move her seat toward the left hand, so as to place herself just inside, and close against, the left post of the folding-door. In this position she dextrously barred the only passage by which Mrs. Lecount could have skirted round the large table and contrived to front Magdalen by taking a chair at her master's side. On the right hand of the table the empty space was well occupied by the fire-place and fender, by some traveling trunks, and a large packing-case. There was no alternative left for Mrs. Lecount but to place herself on a line with Magdalen, against the opposite post of the folding-door, or to push rudely past the visitor, with the obvious intention of getting in front of her. With an expressive little cough, and with one steady look at her master, the housekeeper conceded the point, and took her seat against the right-hand door-post. "Wait a little," thought Mrs. Lecount; "my turn next!"

"Mind what you are about, ma'am!" cried Mr. Noel Vanstone, as Magdalen accidentally approached the table in moving her chair. "Mind the sleeve of your cloak! Excuse me, you nearly knocked down that silver candlestick. Pray don't suppose it's a common candlestick. It's nothing of the sort—it's a Peruvian candlestick. There are only three of that pattern in the world. One is in the possession of the President of Peru; one is locked up in the Vatican; and one is on My table. It cost ten pounds; it's worth fifty. One of my father's bargains, ma'am. All these things are my father's bargains. There is not another house in England which has such curiosities as these. Sit down, Lecount; I beg you will make yourself comfortable. Mrs. Lecount is like the curiosities, Miss Garth—she is one of my father's bargains. You are one of my father's bargains, are you not, Lecount? My father was a remarkable man, ma'am. You will be reminded of him here at every turn. I have got his dressing-gown on at this moment. No such linen as this is made now; you can't get it for love or money. Would you like to feel the texture? Perhaps you're no judge of texture? Perhaps you would prefer talking to me about these two pupils of yours? They are two, are they not? Are they fine girls? Plump, fresh, full-blown English beauties?"

"Excuse me, Sir," interposed Mrs. Lecount, sorrowfully. "I must really beg permission to retire if you speak of the poor things in that way. I can't sit by, Sir, and hear them turned into ridicule. Consider their position; consider Miss Garth."

"You good creature!" said Mr. Noel Vanstone, surveying the housekeeper through his half-closed eyelids. "You excellent Lecount! I assure you, ma'am, Mrs. Lecount is a worthy creature. You will observe that she pities the two girls. I don't go so far as that myself, but I can make allowances for them. I am a large-minded man. I can make allowances for them and for you." He smiled with the most cordial politeness, and helped himself to a strawberry from the dish on his lap.

"You shock Miss Garth; indeed, Sir, without meaning it, you shock Miss Garth," remonstrated Mrs. Lecount. "She is not accustomed to you as I am. Consider Miss Garth, Sir. As a favor to *me*, consider Miss Garth."

Thus far Magdalen had resolutely kept silence. The burning anger which would have betrayed her in an instant if she had let it flash its way to the surface throbbed fast and fiercely at her heart, and warned her, while Noel Vanstone was speaking, to close her lips. She would have allowed him to talk on uninterruptedly for some minutes more if Mrs. Lecount had not interfered for the second time. The refined insolence of the housekeeper's pity was a woman's insolence, and it stung her into instantly controlling herself. She had never more admirably imitated Miss Garth's voice and manner than when she spoke her next words.

"You are very good," she said to Mrs. Lecount. "I make no claim to be treated with any extraordinary consideration. I am a governess, and I don't expect it. I have only one favor to ask. I beg Mr. Noel Vanstone, for his own sake, to hear what I have to say to him."

"You understand, Sir," observed Mrs. Lecount. "It appears that Miss Garth has some serious warning to give you. She says you are to hear her for your own sake."

Mr. Noel Vanstone's fair complexion suddenly turned white. He put away the plate of strawberries among his father's bargains. His hand shook, and his little figure twisted itself uneasily in the chair. Magdalen observed him attentively. "One discovery already," she thought; "he is a coward!"

"What do you mean, ma'am?" asked Mr. Noel Vanstone, with visible trepidation of look and manner. "What do you mean by telling me I must listen to you for my own sake? If you come here to intimidate me, you come to the wrong man. My strength of character was universally noticed in our circle at Zurich—wasn't it, Lecount?"

"Universally, Sir," said Mrs. Lecount. "But let us hear Miss Garth. Perhaps I have misinterpreted her meaning?"

"On the contrary," replied Magdalen, "you have exactly expressed my meaning. My object in coming here is to warn Mr. Noel Vanstone against the course which he is now taking."

"Don't!" pleaded Mrs. Lecount. "Oh, if you want to help these poor girls, don't talk in that way! Soften his resolution, ma'am, by entreaties; don't strengthen it by threats!" She a little overstrained the tone of humility in which she spoke those words—a little overacted the look of apprehension which accompanied them. If Magdalen had not seen plainly enough already that it was Mrs. Lecount's habitual practice to decide every thing for her master in the first instance, and then to persuade him that he was not acting under his housekeeper's resolution but under his own, she would have seen it now.

"You hear what Lecount has just said?" remarked Mr. Noel Vanstone. "You hear the unsolicited testimony of a person who has known me from childhood? Take care, Miss Garth—take care!" He complacently arranged the tails of his white dressing-gown over his knees, and took the plate of strawberries back on his lap.

"I have no wish to offend you," said Magdalen. "I am only anxious to open your eyes to the truth. You are not acquainted with the

characters of the two sisters whose fortunes have fallen into your possession. I have known them from childhood, and I come to give you the benefit of my experience in their interests and in yours. You have nothing to dread from the elder of the two; she patiently accepts the hard lot which you, and your father before you, have forced on her. The younger sister's conduct is the very opposite of this. She has already declined to submit to your father's decision, and she now refuses to be silenced by Mrs. Lecount's letter. Take my word for it, she is capable of giving you serious trouble if you persist in making an enemy of her."

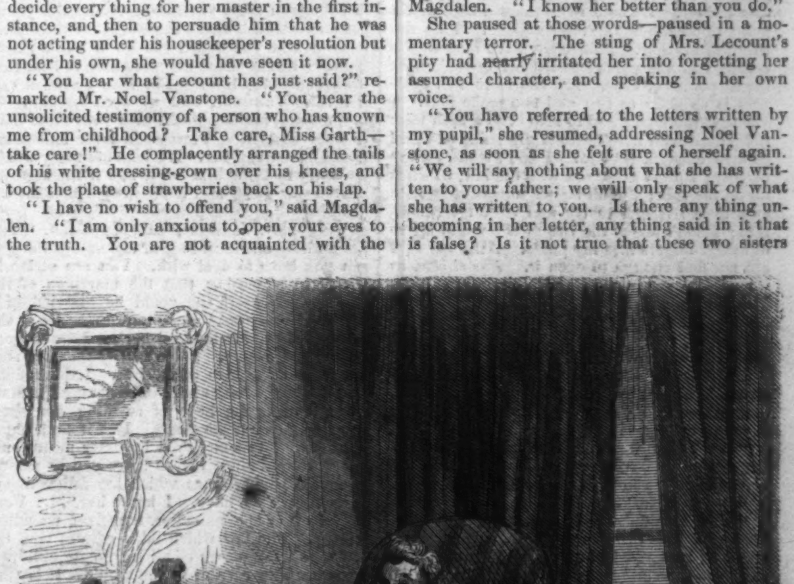
Mr. Noel Vanstone changed color once more, and began to fidget again in his chair. "Serious trouble," he repeated, with a blank look. "If you mean writing letters, ma'am, she has given trouble enough already. She has written once to me, and twice to my father. One of the letters to my father was a threatening letter—wasn't it, Lecount?"

"She expressed her feelings," poor child," said Mrs. Lecount. "I thought it hard to send her back her letter, but your dear father knew best. What I said at the time was, Why not let her express her feelings? What are a few threatening words, after all? In her position, poor creature, they are words, and nothing more."

"I advise you not to be too sure of that," said Magdalen. "I know her better than you do."

She paused at those words—paused in a momentary terror. The sting of Mrs. Lecount's pity had nearly irritated her into forgetting her assumed character, and speaking in her own voice.

"You have referred to the letters written by my pupil," she resumed, addressing Noel Vanstone, as soon as she felt sure of herself again. "We will say nothing about what she has written to your father; we will only speak of what she has written to you. Is there any thing unbecoming in her letter, any thing said in it that is false? Is it not true that these two sisters



NOEL VANSTONE.

have been cruelly deprived of the provision which their father made for them? His will to this day speaks for him and for them; and it only speaks to no purpose because he was not aware that his marriage obliged him to make it again, and because he died before he could remedy the error. Can you deny that?"

Mr. Noel Vanstone smiled, and helped himself to a strawberry. "I don't attempt to deny it," he said. "Go on, Miss Garth."

"Is it not true," persisted Magdalen, "that the law which has taken the money from these sisters, whose father made no second will, has now given that very money to you, whose father made no will at all? Surely, explain it how you may, this is hard on those orphan girls?"

"Very hard," replied Mr. Noel Vanstone. "It strikes you in that light too—doesn't it, Lecount?"

Mrs. Lecount shook her head, and closed her handsome black eyes. "Harrowing," she said; "I can characterize it, Miss Garth, by no other word—harrowing. How the young person—no! how Miss Vanstone the younger—discovered that my late respected master made no will I am at a loss to understand. Perhaps it was put in the papers? But I am interrupting you, Miss Garth. You have something more to say about your pupil's letter?" She noiselessly drew her chair forward as she said those words a few inches beyond the line of the visitor's chair. The attempt was neatly made, but it proved useless. Magdalen only kept her head more to the left, and the packing-case on the floor prevented Mrs. Lecount from advancing any farther.

"I have only one more question to put," said Magdalen. "My pupil's letter addressed a proposal to Mr. Noel Vanstone. I beg him to inform me why he has refused to consider it."

"My good lady!" cried Mr. Noel Vanstone, arching his white eyebrows in satirical astonishment; "are you really in earnest? Do you know what the proposal is? Have you seen the letter?"

"I am quite in earnest," said Magdalen, "and I have seen the letter. It entreats you to remember how Mr. Andrew Vanstone's fortune has come into your hands; it informs you that one half of that fortune, divided between his daughters, was what his will intended them to have; and it asks of your sense of justice to do for his children what he would have done for them himself if he had lived. In plainer words still, it asks you to give one half of the money to the daughters, and it leaves you free to keep the other half yourself. That is the proposal. Why have you refused to consider it?"

"For the simplest possible reason, Miss Garth," said Mr. Noel Vanstone, in high good-humor. "Allow me to remind you of a well-known proverb: A fool and his money are soon parted. Whatever else I may be, ma'am, I'm not fool."

"Don't put it in that way, Sir!" remonstrated Mrs. Lecount. "Be serious—pray be serious!"

"Quite impossible, Lecount," rejoined her master. "I can't be serious. My poor father, Miss Garth, took a high moral point of view in this matter. Lecount there takes a high moral point of view—don't you, Lecount? I do nothing of the sort. I have lived too long in the continental atmosphere to trouble myself about moral points of view. My course in this business is as plain as two and two make four. I have got the money, and I should be a born idiot if I parted with it. There is my point of view! Simple enough, isn't it? I don't stand on my dignity; I don't meet you with the law, which is all on my side; I don't blame your coming here as a total stranger to try and alter my resolution; I don't blame the two girls for wanting to dip their fingers into my purse. All I say is, I am not fool enough to open it. *Pas si bête*, as we used to say in the English circle at Zurich. You understand French, Miss Garth? *Pas si bête!*" He set aside his plate of strawberries once more, and daintily dried his fingers on his fine white napkin.

Magdalen kept her temper. If she could have struck him dead by lifting her hand at that moment it is probable she would have lifted it. But she kept her temper.

"Am I to understand," she asked, "that the last words you have to say in this matter are the words said for you in Mrs. Lecount's letter?"

"Precisely so," replied Mr. Noel Vanstone.

"You have inherited your own father's fortune as well as the fortune of Mr. Andrew Vanstone, and yet you feel no obligation to act from motives of justice or generosity toward these two sisters? All you think it necessary to say to them is—you have got the money, and you refuse to part with a single farthing of it?"

"Most accurately stated! Miss Garth, you are a woman of business. Lecount, Miss Garth is a woman of business."

"Don't appeal to me, Sir!" cried Mrs. Lecount, gracefully wringing her plump white hands. "I can't bear it! I must interfere! Let me suggest—oh, what do you call it in English?—a compromise. Dear Mr. Noel, you are perversely refusing to do yourself justice; you have better reasons than the reason you have given to Miss Garth. You follow your honored father's example; you feel it due to his memory to act in this matter as he acted before you. That is his reason, Miss Garth—I implore you on my knees, take that as his reason. He will do what his dear father did; no more, no less. His dear father made a proposal, and he himself will now make that proposal over again. Yes, Mr. Noel, you will remember what this poor girl says in her letter to you. Her sister has been obliged to go out as a governess; and she herself, in losing her fortune, has lost the hope of her marriage for years and years to come. You will remember this—and you will give the hundred pounds to one, and the hundred pounds to the other, which your admirable father offered in the past time? If he does this, Miss Garth, will he do enough? If he gives a hundred pounds each to these unfortunate sisters—?"

"He will repent the insult to the last hour of his life," said Magdalen.

The instant that answer passed her lips she would have given worlds to recall it. Mrs. Lecount had planted her sting in the right place at last. Those rash words of Magdalen's had burst from her passionately, in her own voice.

Nothing but the habit of public performance saved her from making the serious error that she had committed more palpable still by attempting to set it right. Here her past practice in the Entertainment came to her rescue, and urged her to go on instantly, in Miss Garth's voice, as if nothing had happened.

"You mean well, Mrs. Lecount," she continued, "but you are doing harm instead of good. My pupils will accept no such compromise as you propose. I am sorry to have spoken violently just now; I beg you will excuse me." She looked hard for information in the housekeeper's face while she spoke those conciliatory words. Mrs. Lecount baffled the look by putting her handkerchief to her eyes. Had she, or had she not, noticed the momentary change in Magdalen's voice from the tones that were assumed to the tones that were natural? Impossible to say.

"What more can I do!" murmured Mrs. Lecount, behind her handkerchief. "Give me time to think—give me time to recover myself. May I retire, Sir, for a moment? My nerves are shaken by this sad scene. I must have a glass of water, or I think I shall faint. Don't go yet, Miss Garth. I beg you will give us time to set this sad matter right, if we can; I beg you will remain until I come back."

There were two doors of entrance to the room. One, the door into the front parlor, close at Magdalen's left hand. The other, the door into the back parlor, situated behind her. Mrs. Lecount politely retired, through the open folding-doors, by this latter means of exit, so as not to disturb the visitor by passing in front of her. Magdalen waited until she heard the door open and close again behind her, and then resolved to make the most of the opportunity which left her alone with Noel Vanstone. The utter hopelessness of rousing a generous impulse in that base nature had now been proved by her own experience. The last chance left was to treat him like the craven creature he was, and to influence him through his fears.

Before she could speak Mr. Noel Vanstone himself broke the silence. Cunningly as he strove to hide it, he was half-angry, half-alarmed at his housekeeper's desertion of him. He looked doubtingly at his visitor; he showed a nervous anxiety to conciliate her until Mrs. Lecount's return.

"Pray remember, ma'am, I never denied that this case was a hard one," he began. "You said just now you had no wish to offend me, and I'm sure I don't want to offend you. May I offer you some strawberries? Would you like to look at my father's bargains? I assure you, ma'am, I am naturally a gallant man; and I feel for both these sisters—especially the younger one. Touch me on the subject of the tender passion and you touch me on a weak place. Nothing would please me more than to hear that Miss Vanstone's lover—(I'm sure I always call her Miss Vanstone, and so does Lecount)—I say, ma'am, nothing would please me more than to hear that Miss Vanstone's lover had come back and married her. If a loan of money would be likely to bring him back, and if the security offered was good, and if my lawyer thought me justified—"

"Stop, Mr. Vanstone," said Magdalen. "You are entirely mistaken in your estimate of the person you have to deal with. You are seriously wrong in supposing that the marriage of the younger sister—if she could be married in a week's time—would make any difference in the convictions which induced her to write to your father and to you. I don't deny that she may act from a mixture of motives. I don't deny that she clings to the hope of hastening her marriage, and to the hope of rescuing her sister from a life of dependence. But if both those objects were accomplished by other means, nothing would induce her to leave you in possession of the inheritance which her father meant his children to have. I know her, Mr. Vanstone! She is a nameless, homeless, friendless wretch. The law which takes care of you, the law which takes care of all legitimate children, casts her like carrion to the winds. It is your law—not hers. She only knows it as the instrument of a vile oppression, an insufferable wrong. The sense of that wrong haunts her like a possession of the devil. The resolution to right that wrong burns in her like fire. If that miserable girl was married and rich with millions to-morrow, do you think she would move an inch from her purpose? I tell you she would resist, to the last breath in her body, the vile injustice which has struck at the helpless children through the calamity of their father's death! I tell you she would shrink from no means which a desperate woman can employ to force that closed hand of yours open, or die in the attempt!"

She stopped abruptly. Once more her own indomitable earnestness had betrayed her. Once more the natural nobility of that perverted nature had risen superior to the deception which it had stooped to practice. The scheme of the moment vanished from her mind's view, and the resolution of her life burst its way outward in her own words, in her own tones, pouring hotly and more hotly from her heart. She saw the abject manikin before her cowering silent in his chair. Had his fears left him sense enough to perceive the change in her voice? No: *his* face spoke the truth—his fears had bewildered him. This time the chance of the moment had befriended her. The door behind her chair had not opened again yet. "No ears but his have heard me," she thought, with a sense of unutterable relief. "I have escaped Mrs. Lecount."

She had done nothing of the kind. Mrs. Lecount had never left the room.

After opening the door and closing it again, without going out, the housekeeper had noiselessly knelt down behind Magdalen's chair. Steadying herself against the post of the folding-door, she took a pair of scissors from her pocket, waited until Noel Vanstone (from whose view she was entirely hidden) had attracted Magdalen's attention by speaking to her, and then bent forward with the scissors ready in her hand. The skirt of the false Miss Garth's gown—the brown alpaca dress with the white spots on it—touched the floor within the housekeeper's reach. Mrs. Lecount lifted the outer of the two flounces which ran round the bottom of the dress, one over the other, softly cut away a little irregular fragment of the stuff from the inner flounce, and neatly smoothed the outer one over it again so as to hide the gap. By the time she had put the scissors back in her pocket and had risen to her feet (sheltering herself behind the post of the folding-door) Magdalen had spoken her last words. Mrs. Lecount quietly repeated the ceremony of opening and shutting the back parlor-door, and glided back to her place.

"What has happened, Sir, in my absence?" she inquired, addressing her master with a look of alarm. "You are pale; you are agitated! Oh, Miss Garth, have you forgotten the caution I gave you in the other room?"

"Miss Garth has forgotten every thing," cried Mr. Noel Vanstone, recovering his lost composure on the reappearance of Mrs. Lecount. "Miss Garth has threatened me in the most outrageous manner. I forbid you to pity either of those two girls any more, Lecount—especially the younger one. She is the most desperate wretch I ever heard of! If she can't get my money by fair means, she threatens to have it by foul. Miss Garth has told me that to my face. To my face!" he repeated, folding his arms and looking mortally insulted.

"Compose yourself, Sir," said Mrs. Lecount. "Pray compose yourself, and leave me to speak to Miss Garth. I regret to hear, ma'am, that you have forgotten what I said to you in the next room. You have agitated Mr. Noel; you have compromised the interests you came here to plead; and you have only repeated what we knew before. The language you have allowed yourself to use in my absence is the same language which your pupil was foolish enough to employ when she wrote for the second time to my late master. How can a lady of your years and experience seriously repeat such nonsense? This girl boasts and threatens. She will do this; she will do that. You have her confidence, ma'am. Tell me, if you please, in plain words, what can she do?"

Sharply as the taunt was pointed, it glanced off harmless. Mrs. Lecount had planted her sting once too often. Magdalen rose, in complete possession of her assumed character, and composedly terminated the interview. Ignorant as she was of what had happened behind her chair, she saw a change in Mrs. Lecount's look and manner which warned her to run no more risks, and to trust herself no longer in the house.

"I am not in my pupil's confidence," she said. "Her own acts will answer your question when the time comes. I can only tell you, from my own knowledge of her, that she is no boaster. What she wrote to Mr. Michael Vanstone was what she was prepared to do—what, I have reason to think, she was actually on the point of doing, when her plans were overthrown by his death. Mr. Michael Vanstone's son has only to persist in following his father's course to find before long that I am not mistaken in my pupil, and that I have not come here to intimidate him by empty threats. My errand is done. I leave Mr. Noel Vanstone with two alternatives to choose from. I leave him to share Mr. Andrew Vanstone's fortune with Mr. Andrew Vanstone's daughters—or, to persist in his present refusal and face the consequences." She bowed, and walked to the door.

Mr. Noel Vanstone started to his feet, with anger and alarm struggling which should express itself first in his blank white face. Before he could open his lips Mrs. Lecount's plump hands descended on his shoulders, put him softly back in his chair, and restored the plate of strawberries to its former position on his lap.

"Refresh yourself, Mr. Noel, with a few more strawberries," she said, "and leave Miss Garth to me."

She followed Magdalen into the passage and closed the door of the room after her.

"Are you residing in London, ma'am?" asked Mrs. Lecount.

"No," replied Magdalen. "I reside in the country."

"If I want to write to you, where can I address my letter?"

"To the post-office, Birmingham," said Magdalen, mentioning the place which she had last left, and at which all letters were still addressed to her.

Mrs. Lecount repeated the direction to fix it in her memory, advanced two steps in the passage, and quietly laid her right hand on Magdalen's arm.

"A word of advice, ma'am," she said; "one word at parting. You are a bold woman and a clever woman. Don't be too bold; don't be too clever. You are risking more than you think for." She suddenly raised herself on tip-toe and whispered the next words in Magdalen's ear. *"I hold you in the hollow of my hand!"* said Mrs. Lecount, with a fierce, hissing emphasis on every syllable. Her left hand clenched itself stealthily as she spoke. It was the hand in which she had concealed the fragment of stuff from Magdalen's gown—the hand which held it fast at that moment.

"What do you mean?" asked Magdalen, pushing her back.

Mrs. Lecount glided away politely to open the house-door.

"I mean nothing now," she said; "wait a little and time may show. One last question, ma'am, before I bid you good-by. When your pupil was a little innocent child did she ever amuse herself by building a house of cards?"

Magdalen impatiently answered by a gesture in the affirmative.

"Did you ever see her build up the house higher and higher," proceeded Mrs. Lecount, "till it was quite a pagoda of cards? Did you ever see her open her little child's eyes wide and look at it, and feel so proud of what she had done already that she wanted to do more? Did you ever see her steady her pretty little hand, and hold her innocent breath, and put one other card on the top—and lay the whole house, the instant afterward, a heap of ruins on the table? Ah, you have seen that! Give her, if you please, a friendly message from me. I venture to say she has built the house high enough already, and I recommend her to be careful before she puts on that other card."

"She shall have your message," said Magdalen, with Miss Garth's bluntness and Miss Garth's emphatic nod of the head. "But I doubt her minding it. Her hand is rather steadier than you suppose; and I think she will put on the other card."

"And bring the house down," said Mrs. Lecount.

"And build it up again," rejoined Magdalen. "I wish you good-morning."

"Good-morning," said Mrs. Lecount, opening the door. "One last word, Miss Garth. Do think of what I said in the back room! Do try the Golden Ointment for that sad affliction in your eyes!"

As Magdalen crossed the threshold of the door she was met by the postman ascending the house-steps with a letter picked out from the bundle in his hand. "Noel Vanstone, Esquire?" she heard the man say interrogatively, as she made her way down the front garden to the street.

She passed through the garden-gate little thinking from what new difficulty and new danger her timely departure had saved her. The letter which the postman had just delivered into the housekeeper's hands was no other than the anonymous letter addressed to Noel Vanstone by Captain Wragge.

THE MADMAN'S MARSH.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

On the high-road from Lowminster to Chudleigh, just where the country is most barren and the wind most bleak, stands a small brick house black with age. The house is said to have been built for a mad lord who killed his keeper, and, after frightening away his servants, disappeared himself, and all search after him was ineffectual. Some said he had made away with himself in the marsh; but the old woman who was left to take charge of the deserted house whispered it about Lowminster that he was still concealed there. She declared that two figures—the lord, with his full black velvet cloak flying open, and the tall, thin spectre of the murdered keeper always pursuing him—rushed through the desolate rooms, and up and down the wide stairs all night, filling the house with wild, demoniac shrieks and laughter.

All Lowminster cried out against Mr. Gabriel Thirston when it was made known that he intended to shut up his bride—pretty Dorothy Spence—in the deserted and ill-famed house at Madman's Marsh. But a whole year passed without any of the evil prophecies being fulfilled. As for Dorothy, she loved every nook and corner of her new home; and, rambling and singing through the gloomy rooms, she seemed to dispel the damp, musty air, and fill them with sunshine; and for a while the gossips of Lowminster were silenced. Toward the close of the second year, however, they broke out again. Mr. Thirston, whose manner was formerly so gentlemanly and unencroaching, was now getting harsh and exacting; and Dorothy, when she came down to church, was observed to be paler and thinner every Sunday.

It was on the evening of that same dreary November day that Dorothy sat, waiting tea for her husband. Directly he came in, and, apparently without noticing Dorothy or her loving preparations, Mr. Thirston swept a portion of the table clear with his arm, and getting his books, and taking a bag of money from his pocket, sat down to his accounts. Dorothy made the tea, then stood watching him in the looking-glass over the mantle-piece. It might have been fancy, but it seemed to her that he was not so absorbed as he appeared to be in his work. His eyes darted restlessly about the room, and closed, as if in pain, every time they fell on her or the cradle of her child. Presently he looked up and said, quickly,

"Dorothy, I have to go to town to-night. I must be at Chudleigh station in an hour; just get me some things together."

She looked at him in amazement, but he was going on with his accounts, and signed to her not to interrupt him. She wished he would speak again, for she could scarcely believe him in earnest. Never since they had been at Madman's Marsh had he left her a night alone in the house. She lit a candle and went up stairs to see about his things, and when she came down he was kneeling by the great massive chest on the landing, where the little iron cash-box was kept.

"How long shall you be away?" asked Dorothy.

"It's uncertain," he answered, shortly; "not more than two days, I should think; but I'm not sure how long I may be kept. You must be very

careful, and of course not leave the house till I return. There's a good deal of money here."

The carpet-bag was packed. He took it from her, and wished her good-by. When they reached the hall she laid her hand on his arm.

"Gabriel, tell me; what business is this you are going on? Is it your own—I mean ours?"

"Yes."

"And you can not tell me what?"

He hesitated; then turned with a sudden impulse, and, in an altered tone and manner, said—

"Dorothy, I can not tell you more than this: I expect by the time we next meet to be relieved of a terrible weight that has been pressing upon me for months. Ask me no more."

Dorothy heard him speak thus, saw him go without being able to satisfy that warning voice that called to her to avert some coming event, which she could not see, but the shadow of which was upon her; and she turned her steps from the desolate hall numbed and stupefied. She sat down by the fire; and with her foot on the rocker of the cradle, her head against the mantle-piece, and her hands clasped in her lap, began again to think over all the idle gossip she had heard that day. The only thing that rested long on her mind was *something about railway shares*, which Gabriel once told her he had bought, and from which he expected to make a fortune, but about which he had been strangely silent of late.

Hours passed; still she sat there. She remembered Gabriel's injunction about the light; but she could not make up her mind to go to bed in the large cold room, up two flights of wide, draughty stairs. Rather than do that she put out the lamp and sat in darkness, which was only made more apparent by the occasional flickering of the fire. But before she was aware of it—what with the melancholy howling of the wind, and the mysterious noises it made over the house, dislodging great lumps of thawing snow, and the darkness—she had become strangely nervous. If any thing should happen to the money, what would people say to Gabriel leaving the house with only a woman to guard it? she asked herself. So she rang the bell. Presently Hannah came running as if she were being pursued.

"Put your candle out, Hannah, and sit down," said Dorothy. "I feel dull sitting here alone with baby, and I want you to tell me something—the story of this house, or any thing you like. Perhaps it may relieve your mind, as I see all your thoughts are on it."

Hannah sat down, and rubbing her hands over the fire, and giving frightened glances over her shoulder, shook her head mysteriously, and said:

"They're about awful, ma'am, to-night. I felt his cloak rushing by me all the way up stairs. It's to be hoped there's nothing going to happen, ma'am; but they don't often come for nothing."

"Tell me the story again," said Dorothy; and Hannah drew her chair closer to the fire, and was soon lost in the legend of Madman's Marsh.

At first Dorothy listened absently, without paying much attention to her words, but by degrees, as Hannah got to the most exciting part of her story, it seemed to her as if she heard her own strange wild fancies put into words; and her eyes, as they were riveted on the old woman's face, grew larger and brighter every instant, and she hung upon her every whisper, as if under some fearful but irresistible fascination; till at last, without being able to help herself, she felt as if it would take but a slight fall or rise in Hannah's voice, or a stir of the wind, which for the last minute or so lulled, to make the creeping, nameless terror break out in frantic shrieks.

Suddenly Hannah stopped, raised her finger, and looked toward the door. Then she got up, opened it softly, and stood an instant listening. She rushed back and sank into her chair pale as death. Dorothy slipped from her chair on to her knees, and, clutching her arm, gasped hysterically,

"What, Hannah? What?"

But while she gazed up to Hannah's blanched face a low, muffled sound from below, as of a window being gently raised, broke upon her ear with terrible distinctness. As she listened her eyes fell upon her baby's cradle, and the sight seemed to inspire her with sudden strength. She rose quickly to her feet, and, with a scarlet spot on either cheek, lips pressed tightly together, and her small hands clenched, looked wildly round the room. Slung by leather bands over the mantle-piece was her husband's gun. It was always kept loaded. Dorothy's eyes fastened upon it, and she turned (perhaps to see what help she might expect) to Hannah. Groping, smothered footsteps began to ascend the stairs. The two women gazed wildly at each other. Then Dorothy clutched at the fastenings of the gun, took it down, dropped on her knees, and laid the gun on the table, pointing it toward the open door; then, trembling, yet resolved, stood with her finger on the trigger, her eyes riveted on the black space without, intently listening.

For full a minute the only sound she heard was her baby's gentle breathing. But presently there came one cautious footstep on the landing. Then another, and another. Groping hands moved along the wall, as if feeling for something, for it was pitch dark. Dorothy hardly breathed. Next she heard a key turning, then the hasty closing of the lid of the great chest, and then a fast step this time near the door, as if to listen—so near that her heart seemed to give a sudden leap, and a cold moisture stood upon her brow, and almost before she was aware of it, the loud report, the smoke and blaze in the doorway, told her the gun had gone off. A deep, hollow groan mingled in her ears with the frightened screams of her child, and then a deadly faintness crept over her, and she felt as if it would be a blessed relief to give way to it and lose all sense of her horrible position. But somehow those agonized groans drew her feet irresistibly toward the landing; till at last, scarcely conscious how she came there, she was supporting herself by the baluster, looking round with a lighted candle in her hand. Hannah, as she opened her eyes, saw her standing there, shading the candle with her hand, and so throwing a strong light upon her face. Good God! she thought, was it only the light, or did she really see a horrible, ghastly smile upon her mistress's face? In an instant shriek after shriek rent through the silence of the deserted rooms, and there succeeded a dead, heavy stillness. Hannah dragged herself to the door.

There, stretched across the landing, lay the tall and powerful form of a man: one had grasped the little iron money-box, and blood streamed from the shoulder over it. On the other side knelt Dorothy, with her white face, and one hand raised to heaven, while her lips moved dumbly; the other hand held back the crape from the man's face, and disclosed—*her husband! Gabriel Thirston!* His glazing eyes were fixed upon her, and the sight of her misery seemed to hush his groans of pain. Even the child (perhaps for want of breath) had ceased crying, and not a sound broke the terrible silence. Slowly, and helping herself by the baluster, Dorothy at last rose up. Her face was full of misery, but almost stony in firmness. She went to Hannah, and her white lips moved, but the old woman had to put her ear down to her mouth before she could catch a word.

"Fetch Dr. Hunt," she whispered. "Don't say a word of this; but tell him, for God's sake, to come in instantly."

While Hannah was on her way across the bleak common, struggling against the wind and snow, Dorothy wiped the drops of blood from the money-box, and put it back in the chest the same as before. The piece of crape she took up and threw upon the fire, and with compressed lips stood watching it smoulder to ashes. Then, taking the screaming child from the cradle, she went and sat down with it on the floor, at her husband's side, rocking it mechanically in her arms, and keeping her eyes fixed on his face. Its pallor was made more deathly by the jet of the long beard and thick masses of hair overhanging the brows. At one moment, when the eyelids quivered, or the broad chest heaved, or any sign showed her that the heart had not ceased to beat, the remembrance of his guilt would rush upon her, and make her own heart close sternly against it. But when she had gazed, minute after minute, without seeing a sign of life in that prostrate form or pallid face, her heart then throbbed in an agony of cold, despairing remorse. At last she could bear the sight no longer. She got up, laid the sleeping child back in the cradle, and, falling on her knees at his side, she breathed on his passive hand, and pressed it to her breast, crying in a low, husky voice,

"Gabriel!"

Still the face was motionless.

"Gabriel!" Now her voice rose, and her passionate, imploring cries thrilled through the house! "Gabriel, speak to me! Say only one word, to tell me I have not killed you! O God!" And she buried her face in her hands. "He is not dead—dead by my hand! Dead, with a curse for me on his lips!"

Suddenly she was silent, for a low, shivering sigh escaped the white lips on which she gazed.

"Dorothy!"

She bent eagerly down, and he whispered:

"You know all?"

"Yes."

"I thought to make a short cut to fortune, by using the funds in my hand to speculate in shares. But they fell greatly in value, and I had to pay incessant calls, and cover one deception by another, to conceal my deficiency, till—till—You know the rest."

He stopped and gasped for breath, and Dorothy murmured—

"Hush, you must not speak now. Be still till the Doctor comes."

"The Doctor! You have sent for one? Then I am lost!" he cried, trying to raise himself.

"No, no," cried Dorothy, shuddering, and holding him down. "No one need know more than that you returned in the dead of the night, when you were supposed to be miles away; and I, in my fright, fired on you. There is nothing to fear if you live, Gabriel; but if—if you die, your death will be on my head, think of that! O think of it, Gabriel."

"Dorothy, listen!" He spoke slowly and with great difficulty, but not a word was lost by those straining ears. "I am going fast, but for God's sake don't let me leave you with that horrible feeling on your mind. Try to feel, as I do now, glad that you have saved me from the completion of my crime, and from a life of misery and shame. Promise me, Dorothy, that you will try.

She answered nothing, but buried her face in his breast, and wept bitterly. Presently he gasped out, in a kind of hoarse breathing:

"Tell me some prayer, Dorothy. I forget all."

She lifted her head, and taking his hand, and trying to steady her voice, she repeated a little, simple prayer, and he repeated the words after her like a child. He prayed for the soul that was to struggle yet on earth; she for that which was leaving it: yet it was like one prayer for one soul.

When Hannah and the Doctor at last arrived they found Gabriel Thirston dead, and Dorothy sitting at his side with a smile of strange beauty on her face. She knew that the soul had left the body, but she could not think it had *left her*—she seemed to feel his presence still. The love of their first days together had returned at last.

People pitied her when they heard what they did hear of her sad story, little dreaming of all that was kept locked in her own and Hannah's faithful breast. When her son had grown up, and gone forth into the world, she and Hannah lived alone in the old house; and it was rumored in Lowminster that every sixteenth of November Dorothy spent the night praying by herself on that desolate landing. On the morning after one of these nights, old Hannah saw her there asleep, she thought; and she covered her over, and sat down by her to watch her till she awoke. But soon the sun shining in upon her face through the narrow barred window showed her that Dorothy would wake no more. She was dead!

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